Louise McNeill Pease

1877
1976
THOMAS McNEILL

Wife: Grace McNeill
Not Buckeye Student
Teacher at Beaver Dam

Sister-In-Law: Edna Kellison
Teacher at Buckeye & Dry Creek

DEC • 67

1776 1976
THOMAS McNEILL

Louise McNeill

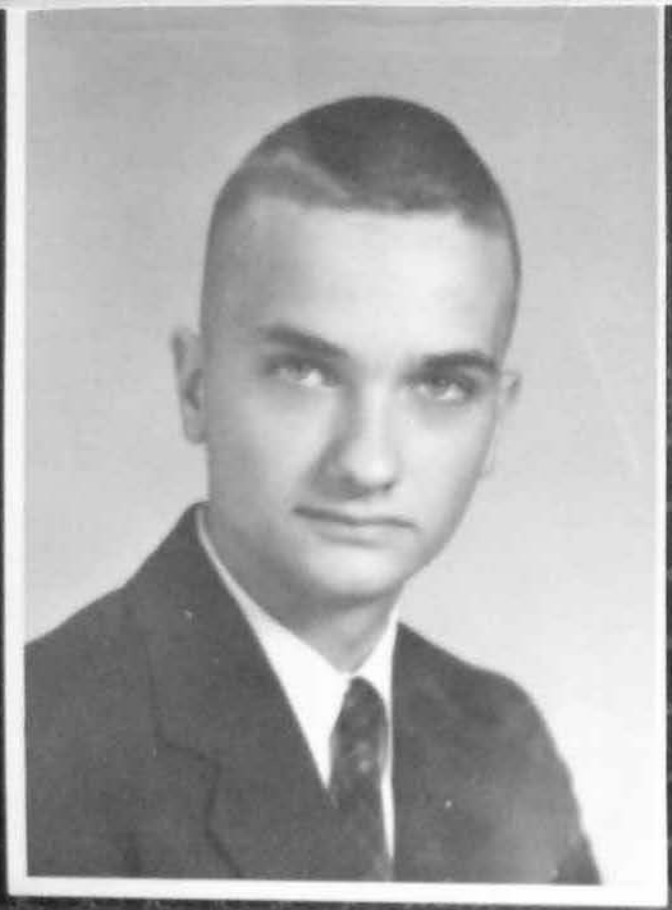
Daughter: Dr. Louise McNeill
Student and Teacher at Buckeye

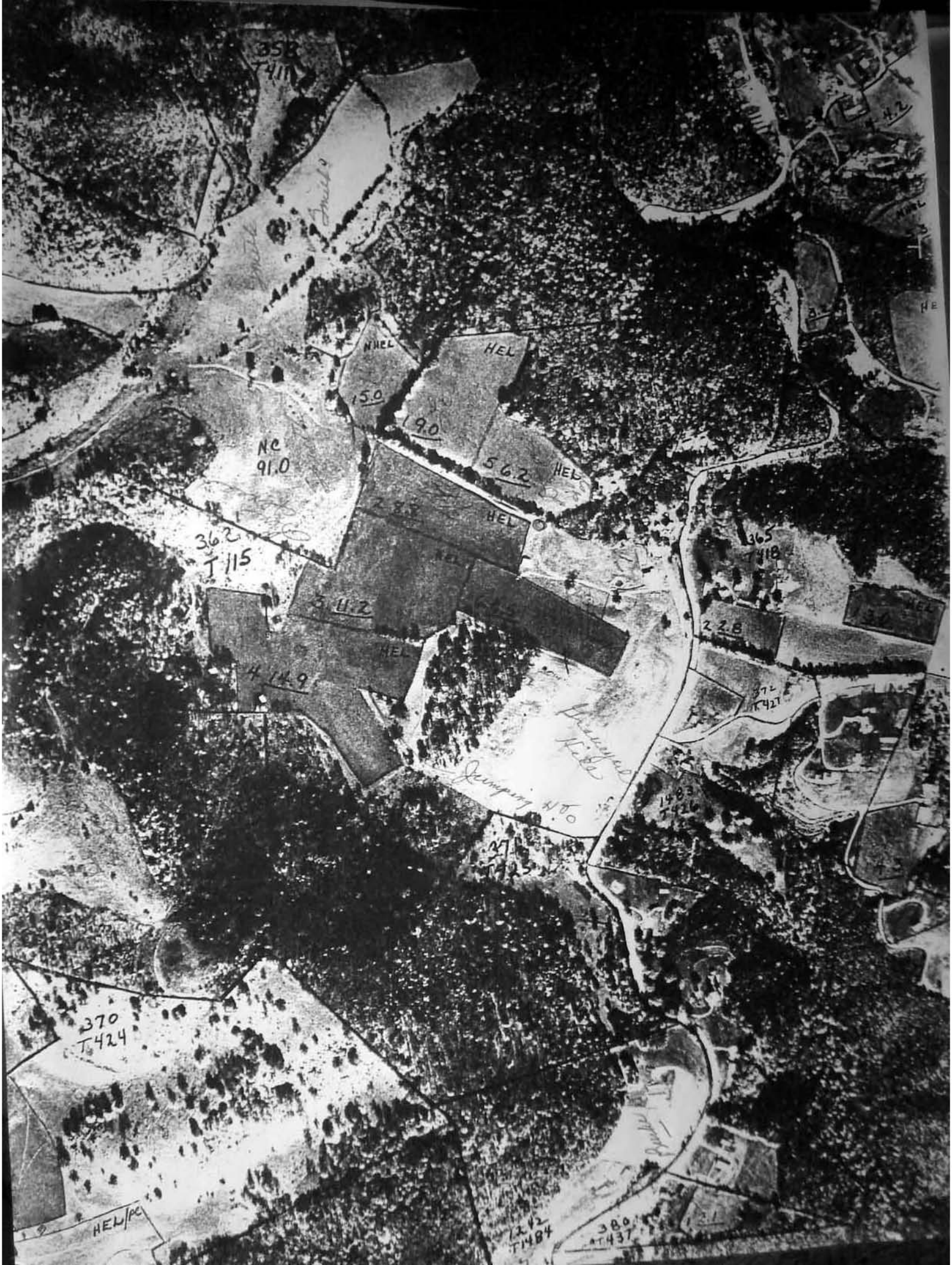
Student at Buckeye
Teacher at Bucks Run

Daughter: Elizabeth McNeill
Student at Buckeye
Teacher at Marlinton

Son: James W. (Jim) McNeill
Student at Buckeye

Grandson: Dr. Douglas McNeill Pease
(Louise's Son)
Not Buckeye Student
Teacher in Colleges:
Dartmouth & University of Connecticut





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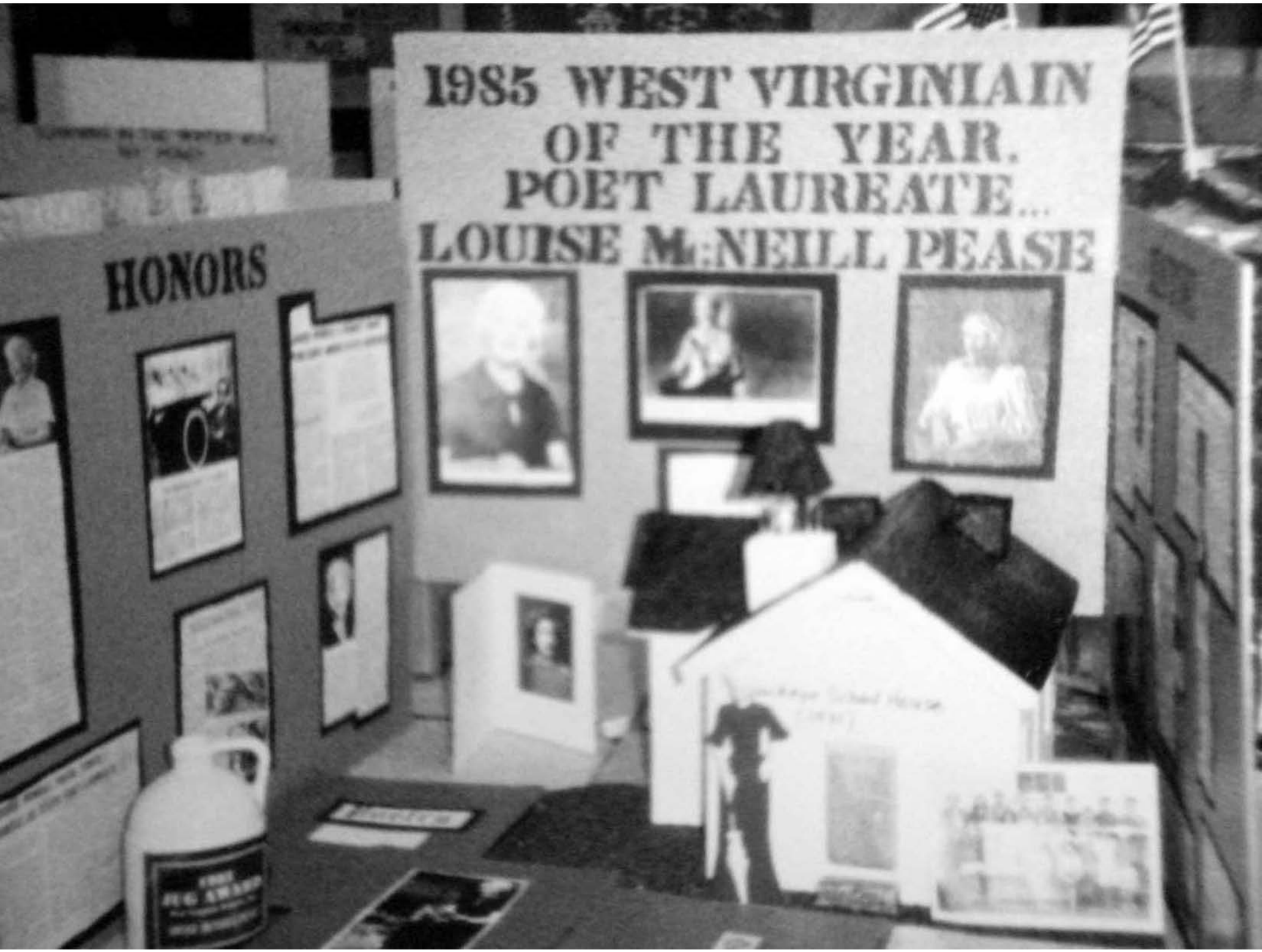
Cousin: Madaline McNeill
Student at Buckeye
Teacher at Marlinton

Cousin: Meade McNeill
(Not Pictured)
Student at Buckeye
Teacher at Concord College

Cousin: Goldie McNeill
(Not Pictured)
Student & Teacher at Buckeye

GAULEY
mountain

1985 WEST VIRGINIAIN
OF THE YEAR.
POET LAUREATE...
LOUISE McNEILL PEASE
Buckeye School House
(1931)


1985 WEST VIRGINIAIN
OF THE YEAR.
POET LAUREATE...
LOUISE M:NEILL PEASE
HONORS

Hazel Ruby McQuain

Sen. Robert C. Byrd

Dr. Louise McNeil Pease

FSC commencement to honor three for contributions to state

Fairmont State College will honor three individuals for their contributions to the State of West Virginia during its 120th Commencement Ceremony on Saturday, May 11, at 10 a.m. in the Feaster Center.

U.S. Sen. Robert C. Byrd will receive an honorary Doctor of Laws degree, Businesswoman and Philanthropist Hazel Ruby McQuain and West Virginia Poet Laureate Louise McNeil Pease

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McQuain was born and educated in Coshocton, Ohio, but moved to West Virginia in the early 1940's with her first husband, the late John Wesley Ruby. She and h

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Pease, professionally known

Humane Letters degrees.

Sen. Byrd will also deliver the Commencement address to approximately 350 to 700 degree candidates participating in the ceremony.

Sen. Byrd, who was instrumental in obtaining $3 million for FSC's Mid-Atlantic Aviation Training and Education Center, has held more leadership positions in the U.S. Senate than any other individual in Senate history. Having begun his service in the U.S. Senate in 1959, he has served six years as Senate Majority Leader (1977-80, 1987-88) and six years as Senate Minority Leader (1981-86). In 1989, Sen. Byrd became Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee. Further, his colleagues elected him as President pro tempore of the Senate in 1989, placing him third in line of succession to the Presidency of the United States. Sen. Byrd has served longer in the U.S. Senate than as any other individual in the history of West Virginia and has also held more elective legislative offices than anyone else in this State.

Among the numerous awards and distinctions received by Sen. Byrd are the "Freedom Foundation Award" from the Freedom Foundation in 1967, the "Distinguished Service Award" from the National Education Association in 1968, the "Distinguished Service Award" from the Radio and Television News Director Association in 1986, the "Distinguished Service Award" from the National Environmental Development Association in 1986, and "Coal Legislator of the Year" from the National Coal Association in 1986.

Sen. Byrd holds a Doctorate of Jurisprudence, cum laude, from

tinue to reside in Morgantown.

McQuain is still very active in the family business as President of Ruby Enterprises, Inc., Vice President and Trustee of The Ruby Enterprises Foundation, Inc. She is a member of the Morgantown Area Chamber of Commerce and a board member emeritus of The First National Bank of Morgantown. She is on the Board of Directors for the Salvation Army and is presently Secretary for the WVU Foundation, Inc. She was also on the Advisory Board for WVU, and was very instrumental in the procurement of the new hospital for WVU Medical School, which has been named Ruby Memorial in honor of her and her late husband.

She is a 50-year member of the Eastern Star, a member and past district president of the West Virginia Federation of Woman's Club, a member and trustee of the Wesley United Methodist Church, past president of Dubrites, Ladies Oriental Shrine and The White Shrine of Jerusalem. She is a Past Grand Royal of the State of West Virginia Order of the Amaranth.

She was the recipient of the Vandalia Award in May of 1986 from WVU, an honorary alumni member of the WVU School of Medicine and was chosen the Most Loyal West Virginian in 1983. She also received the Golden Key Award. The Salvation Army awarded to her it's highest honor — The "Others" Award.

It is largely due to substantial contributions made by Mrs. McQuain that hospice was started in Morgantown in 1983. She was honored by the West Virginia Society of Washington, which conferred upon her its Daughter of the Year Award in 1986.

Alderson-Broaddus College

as Louise McNeil, was named Poet Laureate of West Virginia in 1977. Among her poetry collections which has been published are "Gauley Mountain" (1939), "This Is Our House" (1943), "Paradox Hill: From Appalachia To Lunar Store" (1972), and "Elderberry Flood" (1979). Her most recent work, "The Milkweed Ladies," an autobiographical sketch of her life, was published in 1988. Dr. Pease has published in "Saturday Review," "Atlantic Monthly," "Harper's Poetry," "American Mercury," and "Commonwealth."

A native of Buckhannon, Dr. Pease was appointed to the faculty at FSC in June of 1968 as a Professor of History. In 1972 she was named a Distinguished American Educator. Upon retiring from the college she was granted Professor Emeritus status.

Dr. Pease was raised on the farm settled by her ancestors in 1769 near Marlinton in Pocahontas County. Her poetic works reflect her West Virginia heritage describing the people and places she knew, as well as the history and legends of the state.

"Dedication," a peom she wrote in 1942, has been engraved on a bronze plaque in a war memorial room at Miami University of Ohio. She was given a Teacher of the Year award at Concord College in 1968 and has also been awarded the Atlantic Monthly Poetry Prize and the West Virginia Library Association's annual book award. In 1985, she was named West Virginian of the Year; in 1988, she received the Appalachian Gold medallion from the University of Charleston; and in 1989, she was awarded an honorary degree from WVU.

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Poet laureate still going stro

John Curran

MALDEN (AP) — Appalachian poet Louise McNeill swore as a teen-ager she would write poems forever. At 80, her verse still echoes of the mountains.

"I had a great joy and that's what I said to myself. It was a promise to myself," McNeill said.

A new anthology tribute to 60 years of her work, "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," is aimed at those far beyond the mountains and at those still among them. The University of Pittsburgh Press plans to release it in October.

"This volume brings back into print poems which have been unavailable for more than 20 years," poet Maggie Anderson wrote in the introduction. "For those of us from the Appalachian Mountains, this is cause for celebration."

McNeill's poems are rich in mountain imagery and country dialects. They center on her childhood on a farm, motherhood, the industrialization of the mountains, the environment and fear of the atomic age.

"She's documented the history of these people better than anyone," said Anderson, an English professor at Ohio's Kent State University. "The rhythm and the music of her poetry are better than that of anyone in the country."

McNeill grew up on a farm her family has owned for nine generations. She was educated at Concord College, Miami of Ohio and West Virginia University.

She published "Mountain White," a small book of lyric poems, in 1931 when she was 20. Seven years later, she won an Atlantic Monthly Poetry Prize and, a year later, published a full-length collection of poetry called "Gauley Mountain."

After 1942's "Time Is Our House," McNeill didn't publish a book again for 30 years, instead writing fiction and other work for magazines while she raised her son and taught English and history at Potomac State, Fairmont State and Concord colleges.

She was named West Virginia's poet laureate by then-Gov. Jay Rockefeller in 1979. The Legislature recently increased her state salary from $900 a year to $2,000 a year.

In addition, McNeill recently was named recipient of the 1991 West Virginia Humanities Award for her work.

Many consider her a state treasure.

"I think she is West Virginia's outstanding literary light in these times," said Ken Sullivan, editor of Goldenseal, a quarterly state folk and art magazine.

"We produce some excellent writers and we produce people of her stature. Unfortunately, we haven't always been able to keep them here," Sullivan said.

In "The Company," McNeill writes a four-stanza dig on coal operators who, in earlier days, often owned the houses, company store, schoolhouse and bar.

AP photo

Louise McNeill is the subject of a retrospective of her 60 years of poetry. "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," due out in October from Pittsburgh Press, showcases her work.

"They owned the mountain and the mine; The river and its fork; They summered in the Byzantine; And wintered in New York," she wrote.

"Nora O'Kane" tells the story of a woman from "white trash" that stole for fun and for food. The woman marries old Zeb Sage, despite his family's assertion she is a "brazen hussy."

"Her brown feet jigged to the hymns they quavered; Her hot blood swept through their torpid veins; She signed her X in the family Bible; And filled their cradles with dark O'Kanes," she wrote.

"She's a traditional folk voice, but at the same time, she's a voice of high literary quality and integrity. That's unusual. Usually, you get one or the other," said Larry Groce, a folk musician who fashioned a two-hour radio show from "Gauley Mountain" in June.

The program, McNeill's poetic history of West Virginia, will be re-broadcast Oct. 25 on West Virginia Public Radio.

The harvesting of West Virginia's coal, natural gas and timber bounty, and the spoiling of the landscape, is a recurring theme for McNeill.

Early in the "Ballad of New River," McNeill describes a pristine stream that nourishes swans, bison and Cherokee braves. But it's a different river after the post-Civil War boom.

"Sulphur water and tannery ooze; And the black,

d that evid-
a paper-thin
uld not have

returning from church and a man passing the same way found Paul Thompson lying across railroad

A pair of Smith's ... pants was recovered from Smith's residence by a trooper without a

See MURDER Page 3C

He is not bitter, Jim ... get home to his fam...

g ...ts ...ked

82 ...n fines

...E-MAIL

...nes Corp. hired at ...ctors who created ...ems and lost ...he mines are ...Dowell coun-

...environmental ...ractors never paid, ...Division of Energy ...ts. National might ...nsible for treating ...from some of the ...rainage treatment ...cades. It could cost ...ds of dollars, even

...rginia Highlands ...ed a citizen's com- ...ational's environ- ...with the U.S. Office ...ing. The complaint, ...charges that DOE ...tigate ties between ...its small contrac- ...servancy wants doz- ...al permits suspend- ...ed, until these prob- ...rected and fines paid.

...s continuing to devel- ...of small mines, adja- ...h other, on two tracts ...the National Pocahon- ...ty and the Lasher Es- ...ically, National leases ...contract operator and ...e right to sell it.

...ally, National obtained the ...permit itself, then trans- ...that permit to a small ...ctor.

...tract operators are often ...r mine bosses or superin- ...ents. Contractors usually ...mble for money, and often cut ...ers on health and safety, as ...l as environmental protection.

The Highlands Conservancy's ...mplaint lists six mining permits ...voked at mines operated by: Low Ash Coal Co., Vernon Mining, Stonehouse Coal, Economy Fuel, Salamander Coal Co. and Ibex Coal Co. When a company has a permit revoked, it cannot get new mining permits anywhere in the nation.

In its complaint, the Conservancy said that it "believes competent investigation will uncover the existence of many other contract operators than it has been able to identify with limited resources."

The DOE is currently investigating relations between these contractors and National Mines.

Jennifer Meeks, a Division of Energy lawyer who oversees the agency's applicant violator system, said "We already had ...

Photo by BRIAN FERGUSON

Honorees of the West Virginia Humanities Council, Sen. Robert Byrd and state poet laureate Louise McNeill

Pease, both spoke Saturday afternoon at the Charleston House Holiday Inn.

Nomina... is flawe...

Chris Miller
SUNDAY GAZETTE-MAIL

Anita Hill told the ... she charged a Supre... nominee with sexua... harassment, Sen. R... said Saturday. But ... Virginia Democra... Clarence Thomas ... — the confirmati... should be reform...

"Judge Thoma... constitutional pr... constitutional p... right," said By... Saturday at th... Humanities C... in Charleston...

"But the Co... nominee will b... the advice and ... Senate," he said... me we're not get... advice end of it."

Byrd believes ... process would ha... leaders review a ... candidates from t...

"We'd still expe... president to send ... of his philosophy," ... "It wouldn't be a m... Congress having ve... over the president, ... way to get a qualifi... we can agree on."

Tuesday, before t... close vote on Thoma... made a lengthy, pas... speech against the f... of the Equal Employ... Opportunities Comm...

"I believe Anita Hi... said then, a view he r... on Saturday. Byrd sai... reaction from women ... remarks on the Senate ... have been "overwhelm...

"I'm sorry someone ... say that during last we... testimony," Byrd said. ... have any doubt as to wh... telling the truth, but I u... fellow senators who did ... doubts to settle them, no... behalf of Thomas."

1991 apple crop not pretty, but it'...

Ray Formanek Jr.

KEARNEYSVILLE (AP) — An overpowering, sweet-sour smell hangs in Ronald Slonaker's packinghouse as forklifts move dozens of juice-stained wooden bins filled with York, Rome and Stayman apples.

It's apple harvest time in Appalachia.

"It's going to be the biggest harvest, tonnage-wise, I've h... in a decade. Size-wise, they vary. Some varieties are about average. But the size is absolutely horrible on others."

Ronald Slonaker, apple g...

vest apples that I sell for $2 ... bushel for juice because they ... too small as it does to harvest ap... ples I sell to supermarkets for $... ..." Slonaker said.

...million bushels, and Maryland about 2 million bushels, according to the International Apple Institute and the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Washington state ...

years.

But the worst drought sinc... 1930s cut yields and has hit ... Appalachian growers hard, ... Tara Baugher, a fruit exper... West Virginia University's Ex...

Road TRIPS

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ges of a sleek young
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s," as they are called,
70 years old. They are
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clubs on the basis of
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en have been a central
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tival since 1957. This

Gazette photo by KENNY KEMP

West Virginia Public Radio will tune in to the poetry of West Virginia Poet Laureate Louise McNeill.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

128 vase . . . and counting

By Connie Shearer
STAFF WRITER

It's a tradition that began J
20, 1980, when West Virginia
celebrated it 117th birthday.
day, 117 collectors were offe
an opportunity to purchase a
limited-edition piece of West
Virginia glass. Each piece wa
numbered and signed by Will
Blenko, president of Blenko

Today, as the Mountain St
prepares to celebrate its 12
birthday, glass collectors ar
gearing up to line up at Ston
Thomas for the annual even

Only 128 will be fortunat
enough to purchase this ye
offering — a 14-inch-tall G
urn-style vase from Blenk

The vase is primarily cl
on a cobalt blue base. The
is banded with applied ba
blue. The vase sells for $
like all the pieces before
sold on June 20 only, unti
supply is exhausted.

Norma Wickline, mana
the china and crystal dep
at Stone & Thomas, said
take 30 minutes to sell o
it does each year. Wickli
she often gets calls from
customers asking to be
the event a piece is retu

Stone & Thomas plans
events to celebrate West
Day. There will be a far
market on the Dickinson
side of the store, a bake
sponsored by Friends of
and a sampling of coffee
cappuccino. Ice cream d
Valley Bell will be sold a
proceeds will go to Sunris
Museums. Cabin Creek Qu
be displayed in the windo
Employees will be dressed
fashioned clothes, and the
be bluegrass, country and
dulcimer music.

There will be a hot dog a

Public radio pays tribute to Louise McNeill

By Colleen Anderson
FOR THE GAZETTE

She is a fragile, silver-haired lady now, and she lives in a single, small room at a personal-care home in Malden. But Louise McNeill, West Virginia's poet laureate, is still surrounded by the tools with which she shaped a career: pens, paper and — always close at hand — a pack of Salem Lights. In her lap, she cradles a cast-iron ashtray shaped like a tiny frying pan. She twists the lighted cigarette as she speaks, delicately grinding away the spent ash as though sharpening a pencil.

"I suppose all of my books are touched by the earth, the feeling that I'm going to be bound to the earth, anyway. I may go on a long journey, but I will be back to the earth. I'm bound to it."

West Virginians can hear the poet and share her vision in verse of her homeplace on a special West Virginia Public Radio program, "Gauley Mountain," on Thursday at 8 p.m. The West Virginia Day broadcast will feature the poems, some set to music, from McNeill's book of the same name.

Musician David Morris of Ivydale and poet Irene McKinney of Belington will narrate the program. West Virginia novelist Pinckney Benedict will host the show.

For Larry Groce, producer of the special, "Gauley Mountain" is the fruit of a longtime desire to celebrate McNeill's poetry. He first read McNeill's poems in 1972, shortly after he came to West Virginia. "I read three of her poems, and I thought, who is this?"

In 1977, then-Gov. Jay Rockefeller named McNeill the state's official poet, but she had built a reputation of national significance long before.

Louise McNeill was born in 1911 on the Pocahontas County farm where her family had lived since 1769. She earned her undergraduate degree at Concord College, her master's at Miami University in Ohio, and her doctorate at West Virginia University. At age 19, she began her teaching career in a one-room schoolhouse, and taught for more than 30 years in West Virginia schools, including Potomac State, Concord and Fairmont State.

She was drawn to poetry from an early age. "I decided to be a poet one night when I was 16 years old. I was working on my friend Oressa Teagarden's typewriter. I was alone in Oressa's room — she was going to be a newspaper reporter — and I was just pecking along. And I wrote this, it was a love poem. I didn't have any dates, but it was a love poem, which ended up something like, ' . . . but when the scarlet clouds fly by the moon, I'm always in my memories with you.'

"I had had such joy in writing that poem, and it had come out so well, with all the rhymes in it, that the thing struck me. And I just said, well, I'm going to be a poet."

She wasted no time. Her first book of poems, a chapbook of 31 poems titled "Mountain White," won a poetry contest and was published in 1931, when McNeill was just 20. Only a hundred copies of the winning manuscript were printed, and "Mountain White" is now a collector's treasure.

"Gauley Mountain" was McNeill's second book, and was written as her master's thesis. "I proposed that I should be allowed to write my master's thesis as a work of creative writing. It had never been done there before. And so I was put under the sponsorship of a novelist and historian, Walter Havighurst."

She credits Havighurst with encouraging her to organize "Gauley Mountain" as a related series of speeches by different characters. "When I met him

(Please turn to Page 2C, col. 1)

outside cart.

Gazette photo by LAWRENCE PIERCE

This year's vase marks the state's 128th birthday.

Albans is
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folk festival

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nd mother of two
laughing. "But my
e into it and now I'm

will wear a dress she
ade for the 1963 state
celebration, is retired
Carbide. She has won

ase turn to Page 3C, col. 1)

ndscaping the perfect wedding

elly

name will go on the original blueprint beside where their gift is located. I'm going to have that fr
Hoffmann

A newspaper for people who can't read, edited by an editor who can't write.

The WEST VIRGINIA Hillbilly

Vol. 6 — No. 26
AUGUST 22, 1991

SINGLE COPY 50¢

ISSN 0887-47-43

A Member Of The West Virginia Intelpid Press Association

7-92
MRS C P DORSEY
POCAHONTAS CONTINUOUS
CARE CENTER
MARLINTON, WV 24954

A Day For Louise

STATE poet laureate Louise McNeill Pease has been named the recipient of the 1991 West Virginia Humanities Award. The award is presented annually by the West Virginia Humanities Council to an individual in the state who has significantly contributed to the humanities.

Although Dr. Pease is an accomplished teacher and scholar, she is best known for her poetry and prose. In a 1939 review of Gauley Mountain, Louis Untermeyer recognized the poet's promise: "Louise McNeill knows her West Virginia backgrounds as only a native can, and she has the true poet's gift of making them not only comprehensible but compelling. It is the gift of turning the local into the universal. I know no young poet who has more certainly."

A ninth-generation native of Appalachia, Louise infuses her work with a sense of the history and integrity of the region's mountains and people. Stephen Vincent Benet commented, "She has come to her work by birthright, not through self-conscious attempt to follow a fashion in Americana, and the work shows it . . ."

Born on the farm that her family has owned since 1769, Louise grew up on the stories and people of the mountains. At the age of 16, she left Swago Farm to finish her education and to begin a teaching career that would last 30 years. In 1939, she married Roger Pease, also a teacher. In addition to earning a Ph.D. in English and History from West Virginia University, Dr. Pease has attended the Bread Loaf Workshop and studied under the poet, Robert Frost.

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Louise Pease will be honored at the Awards Luncheon of the Humanities Council's Fall Conference. Dr. Joyce East of COGS will read the citation on Pease, and Senator Robert C. Byrd, recipient of the 1989 Humanities Award, will participate in the program. The luncheon will be held on October 19, from 12:00 to 2:00 p.m., at the Charleston House Holiday Inn. Following the presentation, Trans Allegheny Books will present an "Author's Fair" and book signing featuring the works of Dr. Pease, Senator Byrd, and other West Virginia writers.

For reservations, or for more information concerning the Awards Luncheon, contact the Humanities Council at 346-8500.◆

A Great Teacher 5 Have You A Nominee For Another?

NEXT WEEK September Invites You To Get Out And Enjoy West Virginia

a newspaper for people who can't read, edited by an editor who can't write.

The WEST VIRGINIA Hillbilly

Vol. 6 — No. 26
AUGUST 22, 1991

SINGLE COPY 50¢

ISSN 0887-47-43

A Member Of The West Virginia Intrepid Press Association

7-92
MRS C P DORSEY
POCAHONTAS CONTINUOUS
CARE CENTER
MARLINTON, WV 24954

A Day For Louise

STATE poet laureate Louise McNeill Pease has been named the recipient of the 1991 West Virginia Humanities Award. The award is presented annually by the West Virginia Humanities Council to an individual in the state who has significantly contributed to the humanities.

Although Dr. Pease is an accomplished teacher and scholar, she is best known for her poetry and prose. In a 1939 review of Gauley Mountain, Louis Untermeyer recognized the poet's promise: "Louise McNeill knows her West Virginia backgrounds as only a native can, and she has the true poet's gift of making them not only comprehensible but compelling. It is the gift of turning the local into the universal. I know no young poet who has more certainly."

A ninth-generation native of Appalachia, Louise infuses her work with a sense of the history and integrity of the region's mountains and people. Stephen Vincent Benet commented, "She has come to her work by birthright, not through self-conscious attempt to follow a fashion in Americana, and the work shows it . . ."

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A Great Teacher 5

Have You A Nominee For Another?

NEXT WEEK **September**

Invites You To Get Out And Enjoy West Virginia

THOMAS McNEILL

MONUMENT DEDICATION

SERVICE

October 24, 1981

1:30 P.M.

Buckeye, West Virginia

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding,
and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations,
wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,
living peaceably in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name,
so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.
But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace.
And their name lives to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks . . . . . Blix McNeill
6th generation

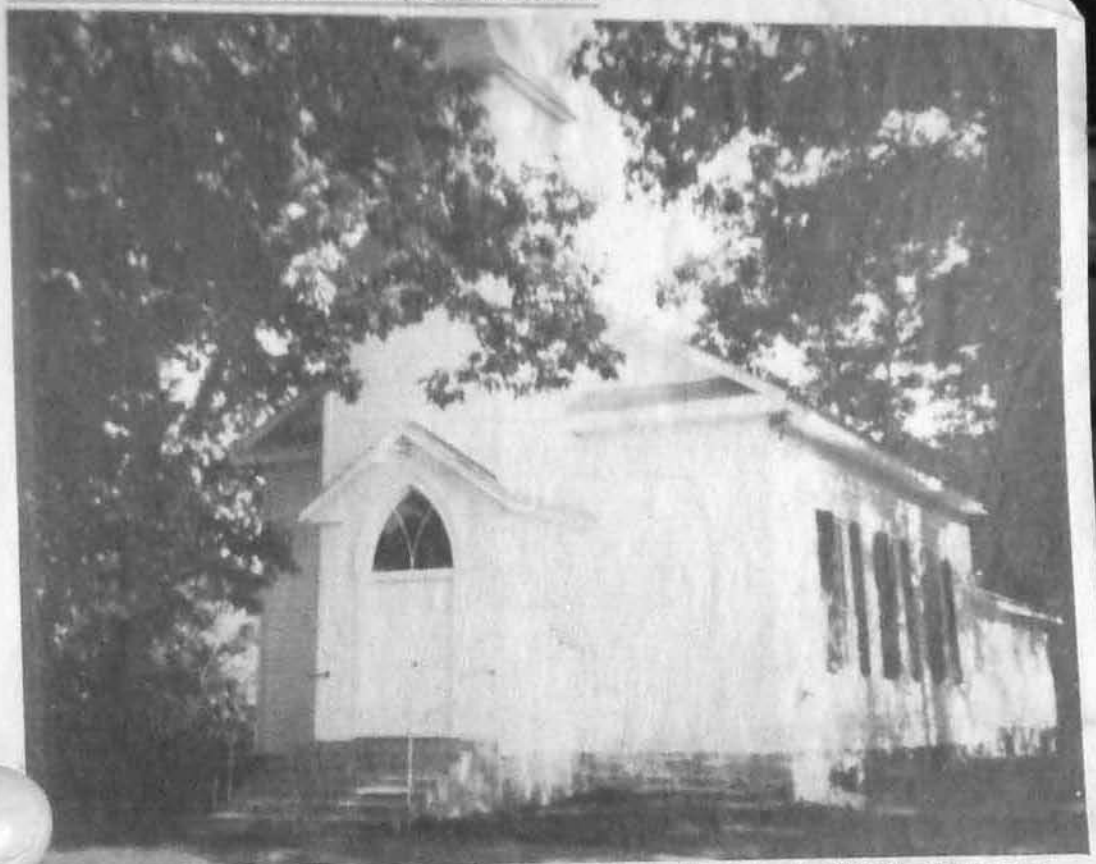
Scripture . . . . . Stacy McCallister
7th generation

(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer . . . . . Grady Moore
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" . . . . . written by Louise McNeill
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following Dedication Service at the White House, which stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.



MARVIN CHAPEL in Pocahontas County near Mill Point will be celebrating its 100th anniversary Sunday. The church was originally scheduled to be built during the Civil War, but the war delayed construction.

Pocahontas Chapel to Celebrate 100th Anniversary Sunday

Aug. 27 1978

MILL POINT — The 100th year of the Marvin United Methodist Chapel will be celebrated Sunday with morning worship service, a basket lunch on the church lawn, and a special service in the afternoon.

The Rev. Frank Johnson, former pastor, will deliver the morning sermon, and the Rev. Owen Lee, another former pastor, will speak during the afternoon service. A history of the church will be given during the afternoon service.

The church, on U.S. 219 between Mill Point and Marlinton, was built in 1878 after the Civil War had caused postponement of earlier building plans.

Despite the delay, the same acre of land was deeded to the church on Feb. 17, 1877, and actual construction took place the following summer and fall.

The dedicatory sermon for the church was Nov. 24, 1878, by the Rev. J.R. Van Horn, a circuit rider. His text was from the first three verses of Psalm 44.

Old records indicate that the stone mason who built the foundation was paid $2 per day, a handsome sum in that era. Some of the timbers were brought by oxen from Beaver Creek, and marks of a hand plane can still be seen on the altar and seats. The altar and original baseboard were of black walnut, and the seats were made of a combination of black walnut and pine.

The church is believed to have been named after Enoch Mather Marvin, a well-liked Methodist bishop who died a year after the dedication of the church.

Presbyterians living in the area helped in the building of the church, and a Presbyterian minister held services one Sunday each month at the church.

Physical changes occurred early in this century, with a bell tower added about 1910.

A modern-era improvement program was begun in 1958, and in 1970 a Sunday School section that included five rooms, hallway and basement area was added.

The church celebrated its 50th anniversary on Nov. 11, 1928, and its 75th anniversary on Nov. 29, 1953.

The 100th anniversary program to be given out Sunday will include sketches of the church as it looks now and as it

CENTENNIAL EVENT TO AID SUNRISE

Noted State Writer Attending Dinner

CENTENNIAL DINNER

Sunrise Foundation Inc.

P. O. Box 3224

Charleston 32, W. Va.

Please send me .....tickets at $3 each to the dinner on June 6 in the Daniel Boone Hotel honoring Pearl S. Buck and other nationally recognized West Virginia novelists, poets and playwrights.

Mrs. Buck, the only American woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature and a native of Hillsboro, will speak on the role of the writer in American society. She and other West Virginia writers will be honored guests at the dinner. Proceeds will benefit Sunrise, Charleston cultural center.

My check, made payable to Sunrise Foundation Inc., is enclosed. Mail my tickets to me at this address.....

.....

.....

George Lawless

A native of Buckeye, Pocahontas County, Louise McNeill is West Virginia's most honored contemporary poet.

In 1938, she was awarded the Atlantic Monthly Poetry Prize. Her poems have appeared in a dozen magazines, including Poetry, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's and Saturday Review.

Her published volumes of poetry include "Mountain White" (1931); "Gauley Mountain" (1939), for which Stephen Vincent Benet wrote a foreword; and "Time Is Our House" (1942), a prize volume of Bread Loaf, Vt., English School, which was published by the Middlebury, Vt., College Press.

Miss McNeill is one of West Virginia's nationally recognized novelists, poets and playwrights who has accepted an invitation to attend a centennial dinner in their honor June 6 in the Daniel Boone Hotel ballroom.

Pearl S. Buck, the only American woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature and also a Pocahontas County native, will speak at the dinner on the role of the writer in American society.

* * *

IT IS BEING sponsored by the West Virginia Centennial Commission, the Gazette and Sunrise, Charleston cultural center. Proceeds will benefit Sunrise.

Louise McNeill
Honored Guest

Miss McNeill, who is married to Roger W. Pease, is associate professor of English and history at Concord College in Athens, where she received her bachelor's degree in 1936.

She was awarded a master's degree by Miami (Ohio) University and a doctorate by West Virginia University, and also did graduate work at the University of Iowa and Bread Loaf, Vt., English School.

Before joining the Concord faculty, Miss McNeill taught at Fairmont and Potomac State Colleges, at WVU, in Pocahontas County elementary schools and at Aiken, S. C., Preparatory School.

Her husband, formerly of Ashfield, Mass., is with the West Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate student at the University of Connecticut. Her father, Douglas McNeill, lives in Buckeye.

For Governor John D. Rockefeller IV, on the Occasion of His Second Inaugural

January 19, 1981

From all our hills, from shore to shore,
Ohio to the Shenandoah,
From all across our far-flung state
We gather to inaugurate
Again the man who stands as true
As mountains clear against the blue;

Who matches hill land with his height,
Who makes our triumphs his delight,
Who takes our sorrows his to share,
And all our burdens his to bear.

A wealthy man—his golden store:
A lovely wife and children, four,
A loyal heart, a deeper mind;
A richer man you will not find—
Endowed with courage and with love,
The quiet strength of hills above;

Walking in faith through crisis years,
Sharing our laughter and our tears;
Blessed with a true humility,
Matching our mountains, strong and free,
Montani Semper Liberi.

From all our hills, from shore to shore,
Ohio to the Shenandoah,
From all across our war-born state
We gather to inaugurate
Once more the one—we call him "Jay,"

Name as familiar as the day,
Name as familiar and as dear—
Quiet as morning and as clear,
One of your own—a mountaineer;

Matching our hill land with his height,
Sharing our darkness and our light.

—Louise McNeill Pease
West Virginia's Poet Laureate

LOUISE McNEIL PEASE
... West Virginia's
most distinguished poetess.

Sunday Gazette-Mail Outlook
January 5, 1986

EDITORIALS 2
FANNY SEILER 2
CLASSIFIED 4-12

D

West Virginian of the Year

'Most of all I've been a poet' — Louise McNeill Pease

"I have always earned an 'honest living' and had to work for all I got. I guess it's the Scotch-Irish in me. I've taught school and obtained my Ph.D. while being a wife, mother and taking care of a home. But, I like to think that most of all . . . I've been a poet." — Louise McNeill Pease to student researcher Susan O'Dell Pomeroy on Nov. 13, 1982

Patty Vandergrift
SUNDAY GAZETTE-MAIL

LOUISE McNEILL PEASE, 74, wrote her first poem when she was a youngster growing up in Pocahontas County. Her most recent was written in mid-December. In the intervening years, she has written some more, many of them celebrating her West Virginia heritage.

Pease was born on a farm near Marlinton in 1911. She earned a bachelor's degree from Concord College and began teaching in a one-room school when she was 19. At night, she wrote poetry. In 1931, her first book of poetry, "Mountain White," was published.

"I wrote the book at eight by the light of an oil lamp, after I taught at a country school during the day for $[illegible] month," Pease told one interviewer. "I wrote in bed because of the cold, with my brother's old bathrobe wrapped around me, and a Sears-Roebuck [illegible] on my knees as a table."

Since then her traditional rhymed verses have been published in a variety of national magazines including [illegible] Monthly, Harper's, Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal and Good Housekeeping.

Pease, who was named poet [illegible] of West Virginia in 1978, is the [illegible] Gazette-Mail's West Virginian of the [illegible]

a wrenching thing for her to leave West Virginia. She has wonderful friends there.

"For a year or so, she hadn't been writing. We'd been encouraging her to start writing again and she's just written a new poem. We think that's great."

Editors and colleagues have praised Pease's work throughout her career. In a 1938 letter Saxe Commins of Random House wrote: "That your poems are written with great skill and a convincing fervor is apparent at a glance. Would that that were enough!"

Although Commins had to reject Pease's work because of earlier commitments to publish other books of poetry, he encouraged Pease to take her poems elsewhere.

"By all means, try another publisher who may be able to find a place for your distinguished poetry on his list."

The rejection letter is among the papers Pease donated to the state archives at the Cultural Center in August.

Also among the more than 50 years' worth of papers that trace Pease's literary career are complimentary letters from others who encouraged her writing.

"I have been impressed by your incisiveness of style and by your skillful restraint," wrote one magazine editor.

"The poems — and you may quote me — have the virtue of freshness, a spontaneity that is equally evident in the lyrics and the narratives. . . . There is warmth as well as wit in the lines," wrote Louis Untermeyer, whom Pease has called a "very kind, generous editor."

Fellow poet and longtime friend Archibald MacLeish wrote of one of Pease's works, "What I like in the book

PEASE

Spirit of heritage depicted in poetry

•Continued From Page 1D

"It is impossible to read Louise McNeill's works without appreciating her ability to detail how it was in those early days when West Virginia was an unsettled territory. She excels when she takes pen in hand and lets one share the emotions that sparked our travel on the road to statehood.

"She depicts so vividly the spirit of our West Virginia heritage, never missing a link in the long chain of events that constitutes our heritage."

While "Gauley Mountain" was essentially a symbolic work, the poems in "Elderberry Flood" trace the state's history using actual events, names and dates, she said. Published in 1979 by the state Department of Culture and History, the book is used as a supplemental text for West Virginia history courses.

Two years after their first meeting, Rockefeller named Pease the state's poet laureate. She is only the second person to serve in that capacity.

Rockefeller, Gov. Arch Moore and other political leaders recently nominated Pease for another honor — librarian consultant with the Library of Congress. Comstock, who organized the effort, said a decision is expected soon.

Other honors Pease has received during her career include the Atlantic Monthly Poetry Prize in 1938 and the annual Book Award of the West Virginia Library Association in 1977.

Pease noted the support and encouragement she received from state legislator Jack Canfield.

Canfield was a student in Pease's history class at Potomac State College.

"She was a very thorough teacher with a depth of understanding of her subject and of her students. Also, she was the only teacher who threw me out of class," Canfield said.

"Two of us got the giggles because our stomachs were growling. She thought we were giggling at her lecture. I made up for it later when I presented her a bouquet of wilted dandelions as a peace offering. To this day, every time I see her, she reminds me of that bouquet."

He added, "She is such a lady with such class that many of us small-town kids never had been exposed to before. She has great dignity that follows her wherever she goes."

Pease has left to West Virginians a legacy of poems that celebrate her love for her home state. In "Elderberry Flood," she wrote:

"Where the mountain river flows
And the rhododendron grows
Is the land of all the lands
that I touch with tender hands'

"Loved and treasured, earth and star,
by my father's fathers far —
Deep-earth, black-earth, of-the-lime
from the ancient oceans' time.

"Plow-land, fern-land, woodland shade,
Grave-land where my kin are laid,
West Virginia's hills to bless —
Leafy songs of wilderness;

Patty W
SUNDAY GA

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Housekeeping.

Pease, who was named poet la
of West Virginia in 1979, is the Sun
Gazette-Mail's West Virginian of the

January Clearance
Capitol Light's
SAVE 20%-60%

THANK YOU ♩♩♩

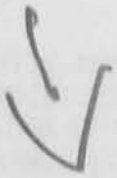
To Bill P. McNeel, for the part he played in the Thomas McNeill Memorial Dedication Service Saturday.

Thomas and his wife, Mary Hughes Ireson McNeill, were the origin of the Swago McNeill Clan some 205 years ago, but it was through the efforts of Bill, accepting the vacancy left by Sam Hill, who originated the Memorial Markers idea. Bill accepted this challenge and carried Sam's wishes through. The McNeill Monument is now a reality. Thanks, Bill, for your time and support of this worthy project.

Elizabeth McNeill Dorsey
Louise McNeill Pease
Jim McNeill and their Families

"Young Writers Day" Charleston, WV 1990

© Phyllis Wilson Moore



"We West Virginia mountaineers are Americans, and — like all Americans — we travel far. In these thirty-some years of life, we have gone from the cornfields to the Hiroshima cloud; from blackberry patch to lunar shore.

"Here in Appalachia, where many of our yeoman farmers and swift-footed ridge runners have lived on the same patch of ground for eight or nine generations, the memories are long. They move back to the time of the buffalo and wild pigeon, know the Indian war party, and the blue and gray hosts. But we remember, too, the Solomons, Iwo Jima, the Korean reservoir, Vietnam, and the blast-off at the Cape.

"In a sense — where the subconscious runs deep — all of our experiences are blended and whirled: the Indian signal smoke, the atomic mushroom; the spinning wheel and the cyclotron; the winding wood path and the orbit flame. So Appalachia is not a consistent land — not at all like the hambone and moonshine stereotype. For Appalachia is life, and life is not — cannot be, surely should not be — consistent. Yet the life thread is strong. And here in our mountains it runs from the green savannah to atom fire."

Louise McNeill, in the Foreword to *Paradox Hill*

Published by —
West Virginia Humanities Council
1310 Kanawha Blvd., East
Charleston, WV 25301
346-8500 — 346-8504 FAX
wvhuman@wvhumanities.org

For Jim and Annabell
with love
Louise

POEMS From The Hills, 1971

Edited by William Plumley

MHC Publications

Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island and also from (a ninth generation descendant), from James Cole, of Plymouth Colony. Roger Pease was educated at Loomis Preparatory School, and at Yale and Cornell, and has worked as an educator for some 40 years.

Louise McNeill Pease and Roger Pease are the parents of one son, Douglas McNeill Pease, who was educated at Dartmouth College (BS, 1962) and the University of Connecticut (PhD, 1972). Dr. Pease is currently a research Physicist at the University of Connecticut, at Storrs. In 1968, he married Rae Matter of Rhode Island and they are the parents of one daughter, Noralyn M. Pease.

Louise McNeill Pease, who is currently serving as Poet Laureate of WV, is the author of *Gauley Mountain, Paradox Hill, Elderberry Flood*, and other books of poetry. She has also published in some 25 national magazines, including Atlantic, Harpers, Saturday Evening Post.

Dr. Pease began her teaching career in the rural schools of Pocahontas County (1930-37), and also taught at Potomac State College, Concord College, Fairmont State, and Davis and Elkins College. In 1967 she was selected as "Teacher of the Year" at Concord College, and in 1977 as West Virginia's "Daughter of the Year" by the West Virginia Society of Washington, DC.

Louise McNeill Pease and Roger Pease are now retired and living in Lewisburg. Their combined service in the field of education adds up to 75 years. *Louise McNeill Pease*

THOMAS McNEILL

Thomas McNeill, according to Price's History, took up land on Swago Creek 1768-1770

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Texas. They were simply trying to liberalize the law in their state, Weddington said.

Abortion was illegal in Texas and most other states.

Their client was Norma McCorvey—an unemployed former carnival worker who was unmarried and several months pregnant. She wouldn't use a back-alley abortionist and couldn't afford the wealthy woman's remedy—travel to a country that permitted the procedure.

Weddington, not long out of the University of Texas law school, worked in her free time for a counseling group that referred

Ashland.

women to reputable clinics in Mexico and other places where they could get safe abortions. Group leaders were worried that they would be prosecuted as accomplices to an illegal act, and Weddington was seeking legal remedies for them.

She wanted to break down barriers for women, she said, since she had bumped into barriers so many times.

"I played high school basketball, and women were limited to half-court and two dribbles," she recalled. When she wanted to run the length of the court, she said,

woman, and she ended up in a job doing research.

Her interest in women's issues led her to the question of abortion, she said.

A woman can't make decisions about education and a career "unless she has the ability to decide when and how many children to have," Weddington said.

Roe won in Texas; the state appealed. On its way to the U.S. Supreme Court, the case became the focus of the country's pro-choice movement.

Weddington was 26 when she came to the Supreme Court in December 1971. It was only the second time she had argued a con-

lounge and discovered it had only a men's bathroom. She used the public ladies' room down the hall.

The Supreme Court ruled in early 1973 that states couldn't restrict abortions in the early months of pregnancy. Across the country, states moved to loosen restrictions. It was too late for Norma McCorvey—she had already given birth.

Weddington returned to Texas, thinking the abortion issue was settled for good.

"Even then, I didn't realize I'd be fighting it 20 years later," she said.

Abortion is still one of the most divisive

Please see **Abortion**, page 28

ASSOCIATED PRESS photo

Philipp Lee Carabuena stars on Broadway in 'Miss Saigon.'

Louise McNeill is considered one of the country's finest poets. A new anthology of her work will be released next month.

ASSOCIATED PRESS photo

LITERATURE

The poetic voice of Appalachia

By JOHN CURRAN
Associated Press Writer

MALDEN, W.Va. (AP)—Appalachian poet Louise McNeill vowed as a teen-ager she would write poems forever. At 80, her verse still echoes of the mountains.

"I had a great joy and that's what I said to myself," she says. "It was a promise to myself."

A new anthology tribute to 60 years of her work, "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," is aimed at those far beyond the mountains as well as those still among them. The University of Pittsburgh Press plans to release it next month.

"This volume brings back into print poems which have been unavailable for more than 20 years," poet Maggie Anderson wrote in the introduction. "For those of us from the Appalachian Mountains, this is cause for celebration."

McNeill's poems are rich in mountain imagery and country dialects. They center on her childhood on a farm, motherhood, the industrialization of the mountains, the environment and fear of the Atomic Age.

"She's documented the history of these people better than anyone," said Anderson, an English professor at Ohio's Kent State University. "The rhythm and the music of her poetry are better than that of anyone in the country."

McNeill grew up on a farm her family has

'The rhythm and the music of her poetry are better than that of anyone in the country.'

Maggie Anderson
English professor

owned for nine generations. She was educated at Concord College, Miami of Ohio and West Virginia University.

She published "Mountain White," a small book of lyric poems, in 1931 when she was 20. Seven years later, she won an Atlantic Monthly Poetry Prize and a year later published a full-length collection of poetry called "Gauley Mountain."

After 1942's "Time Is Our House," McNeill didn't publish a book again for 30 years, instead writing fiction and other work for magazines while she raised her son and taught English and history at Potomac State, Fairmont State and Concord colleges.

She was named West Virginia's poet laureate by then-Gov. Jay Rockefeller in 1979. The legislature recently increased her state salary from $900 a year to $2,000 a year.

In addition, McNeill recently was named recipient of the 1991 West Virginia Humanities Award for her work.

Many consider her a state treasure.

"I think she is West Virginia's outstanding literary light in these times," said Ken Sullivan, editor of Goldenseal, a quarterly state folk and art magazine.

"We produce some excellent writers and we produce people of her stature. Unfortunately, we haven't always been able to keep them here."

In "The Company," McNeill writes a four-stanza dig at coal operators who, in earlier days, often owned the houses, company store, schoolhouse and bar.

"They owned the mountain and the mine; The river and its fork; They summered in the Byzantine; And wintered in New York," she wrote.

"Nora O'Kane" tells the story of a woman from "white trash" that stole for fun and for food. The woman marries old Zeb Sage, despite his family's assertion she is a "brazen hussy."

"Her brown feet jigged to the hymns they quavered; Her hot blood swept through their torpid veins; She signed her X in the family Bible; And filled their cradles with dark O'Kanes," she wrote.

The harvesting of West Virginia's coal, natural gas and timber bounty, and the spoiling of the landscape, is a recurring theme for McNeill.

Please see **Poet**, page 28

A DAUGHTER OF PARADOX HILL

West Virginia poet laureate carries the echo of the hills in her words

By Frances Ranney

Hill Song

The ferns are in the fiddlehead, fiddlehead;
The ferns are in the fiddlehead.
The service tree in the woods is white;
The wild crab sheds its fragrant light;
The bullfrogs boom from the crick at night—
And the ferns are in the fiddlehead.

A daughter of the hills of West Virginia found her way to Miami University in the 1930s, bringing with her *Mountain White*. A small chapbook she published at age 20, *Mountain White* overflowed with the poetry she began writing at age 16 when she found herself alone with a friend's typewriter.

Would it be possible, she asked Miami English professor Walter Havighurst, for her to write another collection of poetry to earn a master's degree?

Havighurst's answer sent her back to West Virginia to read *Spoon River Anthology* and *John Brown's Body* and to write more than a collection of unrelated lyric poems.

Huddled in her brother's bathrobe before her bedroom fireplace with the Sears, Roebuck catalog in her lap, Louise McNeill began to write *Gauley Mountain*. This was a storybook of poems about "myth people" who settled the mountainous southeast of the state where she had been born in 1911.

"I pecked them off on a typewriter and sent them to Walter," McNeill says. Though she had been writing for years, she had never worked so steadily. By 1937, she was at Miami for a year of coursework that led to her master's degree in 1938.

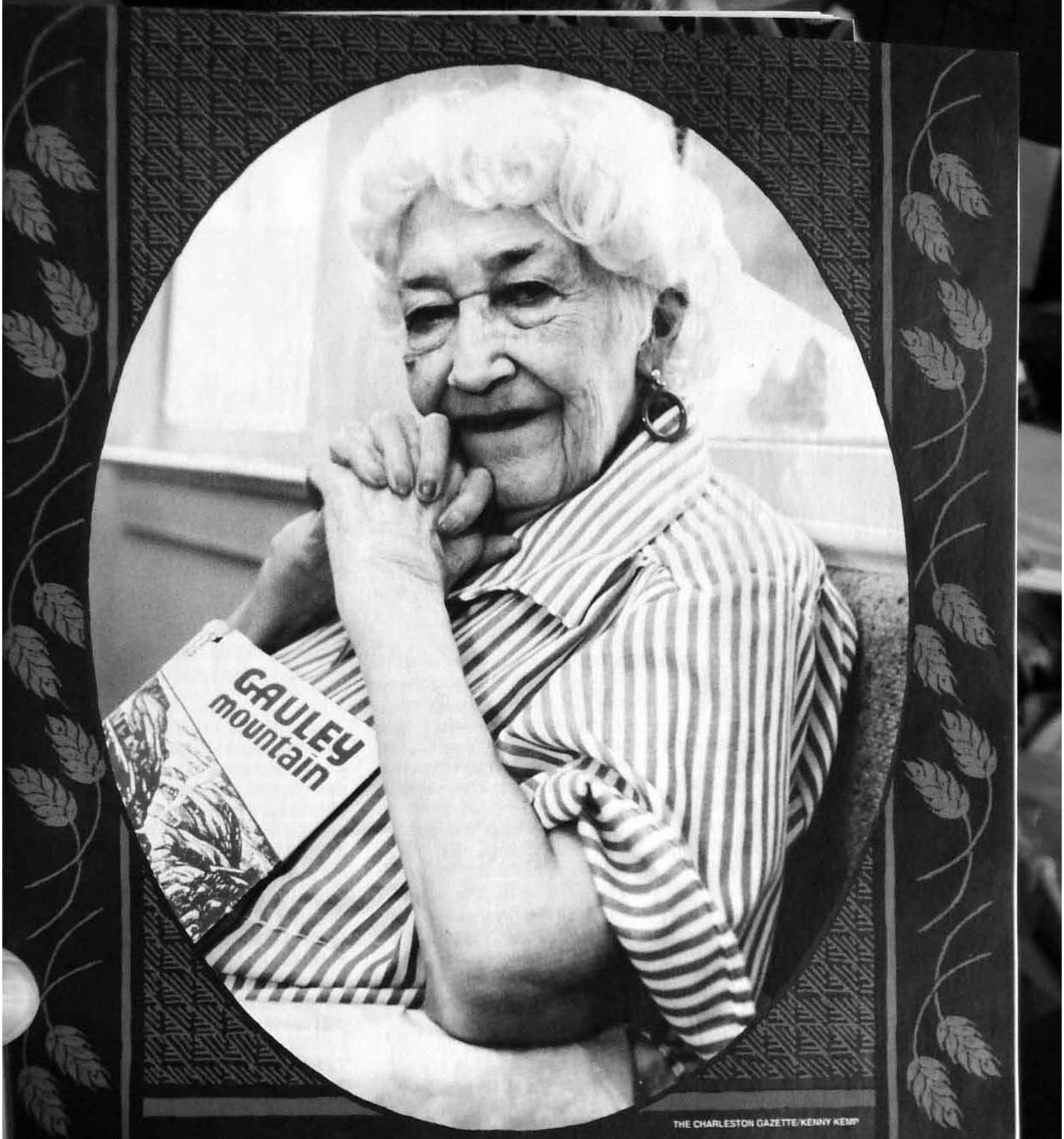
"It changed my life," she says of her year at Miami. Havighurst, she would become "a major force in my writing life." When he entered *Gauley Mountain* in an *Atlantic Monthly* competition, McNeill won an award for the best manuscript from an American college. "Hitched to that," as McNeill put it, "was a summer at Breadloaf."

The prestigious writing conference affected more than her poetry. One day a student named Roger Pease criticized her work, and she issued a spirited response.

"We had a quarrel in Robert Frost's poetry class," McNeill says, chuckling. But they apparently patched things up as they were married in 1939. *Gauley Mountain* had just been printed thanks to Archibald MacLeish, who had taken the manuscript to a New York publisher.

With marriage and the birth of a son, McNeill's life changed even more. She spent time in Connecticut where her husband was a headmaster. By 1941 they were teaching at a prep school in South Carolina.

Her poetry changed too, turning from the old pioneers of *Gauley Mountain*, from the ravages of the



THE CHARLESTON GAZETTE/KENNY KEMP

Let us remember, here recall
Old rhymes chanted when we were small:
Never, never to step on cracks;
Beware of hoptoads with warty backs;
And, "A bushel of wheat—a bushel of rye;
Who's not ready holler I."

—Louise McNeill

railroad and coal mining and the cadres of workers trying to reforest thousands of acres stripped of trees. Now she was speaking of motherhood, but her voice kept the echo of the hills:

Land of my fathers and blood,
oh my fathers whatever
Is left of your hearts in the dust,
I have brought you a son.

In 1942 McNeill published *Time Is Our House*, a collection that contained what was to become one of her most famous poems, "Hill Daughter." It would be 30 years before she published another book, *Paradox Hill*, though she contributed many individual poems during that time to national publications, such as *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *The Christian Science Monitor*—"what we called 'the slicks' and the quality magazines," she says. At $6 a line, she made "good money," enough to help the family get by.

At age 43 she earned a doctorate in history from West Virginia University and went on to teach English and history for the next 30 years at Potomac State College, Concord College, and Fairmount State.

No matter what else she was involved with, she always kept contributing poems to her "boxes of scraps." She continued her connection with Havighurst, sending him her books and reading his as he sent them to her. Often, what Havighurst's letters told McNeill would later appear in a poem.

Increasingly, those poems dealt with the anxieties of the nuclear age and her growing perception of the paradoxes of life. Looking through the eyes of her son during his first spring, she wrote, "I have this urgency for death." Her "Lullaby," sung to the unborn child, urged him to be prepared for war, "Though sure, your mother does not know/Which one she bears you for."

Stephen Vincent Benet, in his foreword to *Gauley Mountain*, described her voice as containing "the veracity of folk music." Never losing that voice, McNeill often contemplated the potential for destruction of the natural world. She wove into her poetry both the voice of the hills and her fear of their loss.

The atomic bomb, she wrote in *The Milkweed Ladies*, a prose memoir, changed her world. "It wasn't joy that died, or faith, or resolution, for all these come back. . . . Never again would I be able to say with such infinite certainty that the earth would always green in the springtime, and the purple hepaticas come to bloom on my woodland rock."

But McNeill refused to live in fear or hide from the world. "When the Scientists Told Me of the Expanding Universe" shows us that she saw not only the distances that an expanding world can create, but also hope. Hope that our increased understanding of our physical world can help us understand our need for each other:

Farther and farther and far apart
As the universe expands,
How can I, reaching, still hold
your heart?
How can I touch your hands?

How shall I hold as the cosmos spreads,
Keep as the worlds inflate—
How in the dust that the quasar sheds—
How shall I keep my hate?

Now 81, McNeill has retired from teaching. Her marriage to Roger Pease lasted 51 years, until his death in 1990. Her son, Douglas, a physicist at the University of Connecticut, sometimes edits her poetry, deleting references to the Big Bang ("It's passé now," McNeill comments.) and changing the colors of stars. McNeill's brother still works the farm in Pocahontas County that her family has owned since 1769.

McNeill lives in a personal care home in Malden, W.Va. The state's poet laureate since 1979, she is working on another collection of poems. Titled *Fermi Buffalo*, it is dedicated to the herds Walter Havighurst told her he saw grazing above the underground atom smasher at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory.

With a gaze fixed as firmly on today as it is on what she's left behind, Louise McNeill writes:

"A bushel of wheat and a bushel
of clover;
Who's not ready can't hide over."

loaded
and cat

GAULEY MOUNTAIN

by

LOUISE McNEILL

Louise McNeill, a young poet whose family has lived in West Virginia since the 1700's, has written a verse-history of Gauley and its people. Here are the black mountain and the river, and the ripsnorting people who came to conquer both. Here is what happened to them, and what their sons' sons and daughters are like now. The ringing veracity of folk music, the color of legend and tradition, and the simple, forceful stories of Gauley people today combine in a book of true poetic inspiration and distinction.

Miss McNeill's work has been watched and praised by a vanguard of critics, and this, her first book, carries an Introduction by Stephen Vincent Benét who says:

"Miss McNeill has taken a part of the American scene that most of us

(*Continued on back flap*)

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

WEST VIRGINIA LIBRARY COMMISSION
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Dr. Louise McNeill Pease was selected in 1977 as West Virginia's "Daughter of the Year" by the West Virginia Society of Washington, D.C. Her other honors include "The Atlantic Monthly" Poetry Prize, 1938; and the Annual Book Award of the West Virginia Library Association, 1977.

West Virginia's Poet Laureate, appointed by Governor John D. Rockefeller IV to the post in 1977, has been married to Roger Pease since 1939. The Peases have one son, Dr. Douglas Pease, of Storrs, Connecticut.

Cover design and illustration
by Gaynelle W. Sloman

GAULEY MOUNTAIN

by

LOUISE McNEILL

(Continued from front flap)

know little about and made both its past and present come alive. . . . She has come to her work by birthright, not through a self-conscious attempt to follow a fashion in Americana, and the work shows it. . . . There is a new poet in the land."

Other advance comments are:

From Archibald MacLeish: "Authenticity in verse may be—it is—difficult to define, but it is never difficult to recognize. Louise McNeill has it."

From Louis Untermeyer: "Louise McNeill has emerged rapidly and, I think, authentically. She knows her West Virginia backgrounds as only a native can, and she has the true poet's gift of making them not only comprehensible but compelling. It is the gift of turning the local into the universal. I know no young poet who has it more certainly."

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

WEST VIRGINIA POET LAUREATE Louise McNeill (Pease) writes about her home state in *Elderberry Flood* with a flavor and devotion which come from her close ties to the people and the soil of West Virginia. She was born in 1911 on the West Virginia farm where her family has lived since 1769. She was educated in rural schools and earned her undergraduate degree at Concord College, her M.A. at Miami University (Ohio), and her Ph.D. at West Virginia University. At age 19, she began her teaching career in a one-room schoolhouse and taught for 30 years in West Virginia schools which include Potomac State College, Concord College and Fairmont State College. She retired from Fairmont State in 1973.

Among books to her credit are: *Gauley Mountain* (foreword by Stephen Vincent Benet), Harcourt Brace, 1939; *Time is Our House,* Middlebury College Press, Vermont, 1942; *From a Dark Mountain,* Morris Harvey Publications, 1972; *Paradox Hill,* WVU Foundation and WVU Library, 1972; and *The Great Kanawha in the Old South,* WVU doctoral dissertation, 1959.

Individual poems, along with an occasional short story or article, have appeared in some 25 national magazines and in various textbooks and anthologies. Magazine publications include: "American Mercury," "Atlantic Monthly," "Harper's," "Saturday Review," "Saturday Evening Post," "Poetry" (Chicago), and "Christian Science Monitor."

(continued on back flap)

WEST VIRGINIA LIBRARY COMMISSION
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Dr. Louise McNeill was an educated woman, especially when women of that era were rarely college graduates, let alone women with PhD's. She loved history and even wrote a WV History book in verse form called *Elderberry Flood* which was used, and may still be used, in WV schools. In 1985 Dr. Louise McNeill joined other great West Virginians such as Chuck Yeager and Mary Lou Retton to become West Virginian of the Year. This is a poem describing WV as seen through her eyes entitled *West Virginia*

West Virginia

Where the mountain river flows
And the rhododendron grows
Is the land of all the lands
That I touch with tender hands;

Loved and treasured, earth and star,
By my father's fathers far—
Deep-earth, black-earth, of-the-lime
From the ancient oceans' time.

Plow-land, fern-land, woodland shade,
Grave-land where my kin are laid,
West Virginia's hills to bless—
Leafy songs of wilderness;

Dear land, near land, here at home—
Where the rocks are honeycomb,
And the rhododendrons . . .
Where the mountain river runs.

This year in the soft summer air upon the knoll of Graveyard Hill at the Swago Farm in Pocahontas County, WV's Poet Laureate was laid to rest in the earth that had inspired her so. As the bagpipe sang its song, the poem *First Flight* echoed in my mind as if angles had taken her soul on their flight to heaven.

First Flight

Once when I was little and played on the hill,
One wondrous evening, I dream of it still—
Mom called me to dinner, impatient, I knew—
So I lifted my arms up and flapped them and flew.

I lifted my arms up and flapped them, and lo!
I was flying as fast as my short legs could go.
The hill swirled beneath me, all foggy and green;
I lit by the yard fence, and no one had seen.

I told them at dinner, I said, "I can fly."
They laughed, not believing. I started to cry
And ran from the table, and sobbed, "It is true—
You need not believe me; I flapped and I flew."

I told them next morning; I told them again—
For years I kept telling; they laughed and I ran—
No one would believe me; I ceased then to tell;
But still I remember, remember it well—

One soft summer evening up there on the knoll,
Before life had harried the reach of my soul,
I stood there in twilight, in childlight, and dew—
And I lifted my arms up and flapped them and flew!

Pocahontas County is a rural county consisting mostly of farmland. I grew up on a rather small sheep farm. But across the road is my step-fathers family farm. The Swago Farm, as it is called, has been in the family for nine generations, dating back to the late 1700's. It is a large farm with over 300 acres, where cattle predominately roam in open pastures.

A doctor has written many poems and stories about this farm and the land. No, this is not a medical doctor, but a doctor of literature -- Dr. Louise McNeill. She has been WV's Poet Laureate since 1977. Having grown up on Swago Farm herself, she had developed a love for the land and the people there. She expressed this through her writing. I'm going to read a poem that my great-aunt wrote about building fence on the farm -- *Pasture Line Fence.*

Pasture Line Fence

Worry at night how I can fence the pasture—
Three mile at least—all up side-hill and down—
And wire so high—I looked in Sears and Roebuck
And asked them at the hardware up in town.
When work and rails was cheap, our grandad fenced it;
But that was eighty—nearly—years ago—
A good rail fence, but long since sagged and rotted—
I just don't know.

My father, though he tried, could never make it,
With all the price of fence wire gone so high—
Our chestnut dead for posts, so he would stake it
And patch it up with thorn brush—getting by—
And now *my* turn. I patch—the cattle wander
Over on Charlie Hinkle's. He's the same
And got no fences—all our mountain pastures
All run together cross-wise. It's a shame.
But still I think at night, and think, still keeping
How I can put a fence up—good and high—
As though old men could make it better sleeping
Out there upon the gravehill where they lie.

Not only did Dr. Louise McNeill know about Pocahontas County and farm life, but she knew about the culture of people and coal miners from Beckley and southern WV. This is a poem she wrote as told by a coal miner's wife called *Overheard on a Bus.*

Overheard on a Bus
(Miner's Wife)

He must go down in the mine—
It's all he knows;
Certain as morning shine
Then off he goes—
Me standing there in the door
A-seeing black
And wondering evermore
If he'll come back. . . .

Asked him, I have, to quit.
I can beg and whine,
But there's nothing to do for it,
It's the mine, the mine—
And him cast under its spell,
So off he goes—
Black as the mouth of hell,
And when it blows—
But I reckon they pay him well,
And it's all he knows. . . .

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And I lifted my arms up and flapped them and flew!

Vita of LOUISE MCNEILL (Mrs. Roger Pease):
Born 1911, Buckeye, WV; farm background

EDUCATION:

A. B. Concord College, 1936
A. M. Miami of Ohio, 1938: thesis advisor Walter Havighurst
Post graduate work at Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College, Vermont, 1938: Instruction by Robert Frost.
Writers Workshop, University of Iowa, 1939: Instructors included Norman Foerster.
Ph.D., History and English, West Virginia University, 1959.

EMPLOYMENT:

Teacher in rural (one room) schools, West Virginia, 1930-1937
Aiken Preparatory School, Aiken, South Carolina, 1941-1946
Assistant Professor, West Virginia University, 1948-1953
Associate Professor, Potomac State College, 1959-1962
Associate Professor, Concord College, 1962-1965
Professor, Concord College, 1965-1967
Chairman, English Department, Potomac State College, 1968-1969
Professor of History, Fairmont State College, 1969-1973

HONORS:

Kaleidograph Book Award, 1931
First, second, and honorable mention, Atlantic Monthly Poetry Prizes, 1938
Bread Loaf Publication Award for Time is Our House, 1942
Teacher of the Year, Concord College, 1967
Outstanding American Educators Award, 1970
"Louise McNeill Poetry Prize" established at Morris Harvey College, 1976
West Virginia "Daughter of the Year" of the West Virginia Society of Washington, DC, 1977
West Virginia Library Association Annual Book Award for Paradox Hill, 1980
Poet Laureate of West Virginia, 1978-present
West Virginia Writers Association Jug Award, 1985
West Virginian of the Year (1985): (Previous Winner: Mary Lou Retton)
(The poem, "Dedication" is inscribed on a bronze plaque honoring the Miami University dead of all American Wars; General Wheeler Memorial Room in Conference Center, Miami University)

PUBLICATIONS:

Books of Poetry:

Mountain White: Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas, 1931
Gauley Mountain: Harcourt Brace, NY, 1939 (Foreward by Stephen Vincent Benet and jacket comments by Louis Untermeyer and Archibald MacLeish)
Time Is Our House: Middlebury College Press, Vermont, 1942
From a Dark Mountain: Morris Harvey Publications, West Virginia, 1972

Paradox Hill, West Virginia University Library, 1972 (Jacket comments by Jesse Stuart and Louis Untermeyer)
Elderberry Flood, West Virginia Department of Culture and History, Supplementary text book for West Virginia History in public schools, 1977

Prose, Fiction, and Essays:

Short Stories in Farm Journal: May 1947, April 1948, May 1948, August 1948, April 1949, January 1950, May 1951.
Appalachian Review, Spring, 1968.
Essay: "Night at the Commodore," Warnings: An Anthology on the Nuclear Peril, Northwest Review Books, Eugene, Oregon, 1984
Essay: "Milkweed Ladies" in Appalachian Heritage, Berea, Kentucky, Fall, 1985

Scholarly Works:

"The Sick Mind," A Critical Essay. American Prefaces, Spring, 1941. (University of Iowa Quarterly, Iowa City, 1941.)
"Was John Brown Insane?" historical essay read at the University of Maryland, 1957 or 1958
"The James River and Kanawha Canal," Essays in West Virginia History (Morgantown, WV) 1959
The Great Kanawha River in the Old South, 1671-1861: A Study In Contradictions. Ph.D. Dissertation in History, West Virginia University, West Virginia, 1959

Anthologies and Text Books:

Adventures in Reading, MacMillan, NY; Voices from the Hills, Ungar, NY; Poems from the Hills, Morris Harvey Publications; Bread Loaf Anthology, Vermont; Miami University Anthology; Warnings: An Anthology on the Nuclear Peril, Northwest Review Books, Eugene, Oregon, and a poem in Concepts in Physics, by Goswami

Individual Poems in Periodicals:

A search through Readers Guide reveals forty-two poems through 1961. At present the total number of poems published is unknown. Journals include Saturday Evening Post, American Mercury, Harpers, Atlantic, Forum, Good Housekeeping, Ladies Home Journal, Christian Science Monitor, Commonwealth, Saturday Review of Literature, and Laurel Review.

Readings:

Various West Virginia Colleges, Marietta College (Ohio), College of Wooster (Ohio), Manchester (Connecticut) College, University of Maryland, Educational TV, "Nashville" radio show, various Appalachian Festivals, various writer's workshops, readings at West Virginia Center of Culture and History

Note: I usually do formal or informal readings--also have held informal classroom "seminars," "advised" creative writing students, and worked with young children in poetry, etc. (I have also done folklore programs but have no real expertise in this area).

Poetry sampler

Here are examples of the poetry of Louise McNeill:

Stoic

You, with the lamp and pick
What is your labor
In that dark and fetid hole
Where the black damp seeps and the black rats gnaw the timbers?
Stranger, I dig for coal.
And what will you do with your load that the flatcars carry
From this upper-shaft of hell
And dump by the tracks for the loader crew to shovel?
Stranger, they pay me well.
And what will you do with the fourteen greasy dollars
That the payroll bosses give
In exchange for your load when the six-day week is over?
Stranger, a man must live.
And how will you live when the rocks of a gutten mountain
Shatter your beam-held sky
And the rescue digs, and your wife goes blind with waiting?
Stranger, a man must die.

Dead Man's Holler

In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man's Holler
Where the wild plums claw and the black haws twine
To cover the entrance, thorn and bramble
I tend my kittles and still my shine.
Grain a-work in my barrels and noggins
Corn and barley and rye and wheat
A quart of ashes to make it sour . . .
A poke of sugar to keep it sweet . . .
A can of lye so the stuff will fizzle
Fizzle, sizzle, and foam and swell . . .
Limestone water to make it clearer
Than rain on a huckleberry bell.
In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man's Holler
Where the hills are close and the rocks are steep
With my kittles red and the brass worm dripping
I work while the Revenoeers sleep.
Bile and bubble and steam and trickle . . .
Jugs and bottles and jars to fill
In a cave at the mouth of Dead's Man's Holler
With my skunk gun handy, I run my still.

...g at 80

raw sewage crawled; The New moved on through its stinking maze; Heavy and rank and coiled," she wrote.

In "Dead Man's Holler," the narrator is a moonshine whiskey maker eluding "revenooers," federal revenue agents who stalked illegal brewers.

Even when the references, language and themes are regional in nature, the poems' messages come across.

"If a poet writes movingly and deeply about the place she knows the best, that translates to anyone, anyplace," Anderson said. "That's what Louise does. She writes about what she knows and loves, and it translates to other experiences."

Not all of McNeill's work is regional.

In "The New Corbies," two crows peer over a post-atomic landscape and argue over who will get the burnt corpses:

If trees remain and carrion crows
Still gather on the oak
That morning when the green wind blows
And carries off the smoke.
The crows will find below them there
All blooming from the ground
As flowered and as fat a feast
As crows have ever found.
Of scarlet red and bloated white
And flowered full in bloom
Those tropic blossoms all will burst
To waft their sweet perfume.
And floating from the oak tree's limb
Like hunger, then the crows
Will taste of man and savor him
The richest fruit that grows
When from the forehead of his dream
Exudes the atom rose.

McNeill is still writing in a retirement home. She is at work on a novel and an essay about soccer, she said.

She suffers from osteoporosis, a bone disease, and has used a walker since a 1984 fall left her with a chronic back injury.

But McNeill remains sharp, and in conversation often glides into recitals of her poetry, some of it more than 50 years old.

After writing her first poem at 16, she sold short poems to the Saturday Evening Post for $5 a line. She said she never padded them to make more money, even though it was the 1930s.

"If I did, they wouldn't have used it. It was filler." she said.

Groce said McNeill's gender and home have combined to keep her light hidden.

"She's an astoundingly underrated poet. Had she been born elsewhere, and born a man, things would be different," said Groce.

"I'm trying to do my best, in a small way, to see that she gets more appreciation than she has so far. I'm sure down the road that will happen, but I'd like it to happen while she's alive," he said.

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To cover the entrance, thorn and bramble
I tend my kittles and still my shine.
Grain a-work in my barrels and noggins
Corn and barley and rye and wheat
A quart of ashes to make it sour . . .
A poke of sugar to keep it sweet . . .
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Bile and bubble and steam and trickle . . .
Jugs and bottles and jars to fill
In a cave at the mouth of Dead's Man's Holler
With my skunk gun handy, I run my still.

Poet laureate still going strong a

John Curran

MALDEN (AP) — Appalachian poet Louise McNeill swore as a teen-ager she would write poems forever. At 80, her verse still echoes of the mountains.

"I had a great joy and that's what I said to myself. It was a promise to myself," McNeill said.

A new anthology tribute to 60 years of her work, "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," is aimed at those far beyond the mountains and at those still among them. The University of Pittsburgh Press plans to release it in October.

"This volume brings back into print poems which have been unavailable for more than 20 years," poet Maggie Anderson wrote in the introduction. "For those of us from the Appalachian Mountains, this is cause for celebration."

McNeill's poems are rich in mountain imagery and country dialects. They center on her childhood on a farm, motherhood, the industrialization of the mountains, the environment and fear of the atomic age.

"She's documented the history of these people better than anyone," said Anderson, an English professor at Ohio's Kent State University. "The rhythm and the music of her poetry are better than that of anyone in the country."

McNeill grew up on a farm her family has owned for nine generations. She was educated at Concord College, Miami of Ohio and West Virginia University.

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AP photo

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Police arrest 10 in drug sweep

WESTON (AP) — Authorities ... bond pending bond hearings.

Sheriff's deputies expected to ... arrest at least two more suspects ... on Saturday, Bennett said.

Before A

Poet laureate still going strong at 80

John Curran

MALDEN (AP) — Appalachian poet Louise McNeill swore as a teen-ager she would write poems forever. At 80, her verse still echoes of the mountains.

"I had a great joy and that's what I said to myself. It was a promise to myself," McNeill said.

A new anthology tribute to 60 years of her work, "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," is aimed at those far beyond the mountains and at those still among them. The University of Pittsburgh Press plans to release it in October.

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McNeill's poems are rich in mountain imagery and country dialects. They center on her childhood on a farm, motherhood, the industrialization of the mountains, the environment and fear of the atomic age.

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"Sulphur water and tannery ooze; And the black, raw sewage crawled; The New moved on through its stinking maze; Heavy and rank and coiled," she wrote.

In "Dead Man's Holler," the narrator is a moonshine whiskey maker eluding "revenooers," federal revenue agents who stalked illegal brewers.

Even when the references, language and themes are regional in nature, the poems' messages come across.

"If a poet writes movingly and deeply about the place she knows the best, that translates to anyone, anyplace," Anderson said. "That's what Louise does. She writes about what she knows and loves, and it translates to other experiences."

Not all of McNeill's work is regional.

In "The New Corbies," two crows peer over a post-atomic landscape and argue over who will get the burnt corpses:

If trees remain and carrion crows
Still gather on the oak
That morning when the green wind blows
And carries off the smoke.
The crows will find below them there
All blooming from the ground
As flowered and as fat a feast
As crows have ever found.
Of scarlet red and bloated white
And flowered full in bloom
Those tropic blossoms all will burst
To waft their sweet perfume.
And floating from the oak tree's limb
Like hunger, then the crows
Will taste of man and savor him
The richest fruit that grows
When from the forehead of his dream
Exudes the atom rose.

McNeill is still writing in a retirement home. She is at work on a novel and an essay about soccer, she said.

She suffers from osteoporosis, a bone disease, and has used a walker since a 1984 fall left her with a chronic back injury.

But McNeill remains sharp, and in conversation often glides into recitals of her poetry, some of it more than 50 years old.

After writing her first poem at 16, she sold short poems to the Saturday Evening Post for $5 a line. She said she never padded them to make more money, even though it was the 1930s.

"If I did, they wouldn't have used it. It was filler," she said.

Groce said McNeill's gender and home have combined to keep her light hidden.

"She's an astoundingly underrated poet. Had she been born elsewhere, and born a man, things would be different," said Groce.

"I'm trying to do my best, in a small way, to see that she gets more appreciation than she has so far. I'm sure down the road that will happen, but I'd like it to happen while she's alive," he said.

Poetry sampler

Here are examples of the poetry of Louise McNeill:

Stoic

You, with the lamp and pick
What is your labor
In that dark and fetid hole
Where the black damp seeps and the black rats gnaw the timbers?
Stranger, I dig for coal.
And what will you do with your load that the flatcars carry
From this upper-shaft of hell
And dump by the tracks for the loader crew to shovel?
Stranger, they pay me well.
And what will you do with the fourteen greasy dollars
That the payroll bosses give
In exchange for your load when the six-day week is over?
Stranger, a man must live.
And how will you live when the rocks of a gutten mountain
Shatter your beam-held sky
And the rescue digs, and your wife goes blind with waiting?
Stranger, a man must die.

Dead Man's Holler

In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man's Holler
Where the wild plums claw and the black haws twine
To cover the entrance, thorn and bramble
I tend my kittles and still my shine.
Grain a-work in my barrels and noggins
Corn and barley and rye and wheat
A quart of ashes to make it sour . . .
A poke of sugar to keep it sweet . . .
A can of lye so the stuff will fizzle
Fizzle, sizzle, and foam and swell . . .
Limestone water to make it clearer
Than rain on a huckleberry bell.
In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man's Holler
Where the hills are close and the rocks are steep
With my kittles red and the brass worm dripping
I work while the Revenoeers sleep.
Bile and bubble and steam and trickle . . .
Jugs and bottles and jars to fill
In a cave at the mouth of Dead's Man's Holler
With my skunk gun handy, I run my still.

Police arrest 10 in drug sweep

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VOLUME 5, NUMBER 4

WINTER EDITION, 2000

Memories of State Poet Louise McNeill Pease

By Dr. John Baker
Concord College, Mercer County

I first heard the name Louise McNeill Pease when I was a freshman at Concord College.

DR. JOHN BAKER

At that time Dr. Pease was a faculty member in the Division of Languages and Literature, and I had learned early on that she was on of the most respected and popular professors on campus. Some of my friends were in her freshman composition classes that fall semester in 1964, and their positive comments about her motivated me to enroll in her English 102 course the second semester. Unfortunately, I found out at registration that her sections were closed; however, soon after the semester began, a rather surprising incident occurred that helped me learn more about this woman who was to have such a significant influence on my life.

One evening I returned to my dorm room after dinner to find my roommate, then a junior elementary education major, lying on his bed reading something rather shocking to me — a little volume of poetry. Jerry, I knew, was no lover of literature, so seeing him holding a book of poems and obviously absorbed in its content definitely aroused my curiosity.

After asking him what he was doing, he told me the book had been written by one of his professors, Dr. Pease. He had just discovered that she was a poet and had gone to the library to check out *Mountain White*, Dr. Pease's first publication.

DR. LOUISE PEASE

One thing I do know is that Jerry was just plain intrigued with his professor; in fact, he later told me that, having found a photograph of a young, attractive Louise McNeill at the front of *Mountain White*, he had searched through the editions of *The Pine Tree*, Concord's yearbook, from the years McNeill was a student at the college, hoping to find other pictures of her.

Jerry went on to say that he was disappointed not to have found any photographs that revealed the appearance of McNeill's "body" when she was a Concord coed. Women's bodies were definitely one of Jerry's main interests, and I have often thought, after later getting to know Dr. Pease, how amusing she would have found

Continued to page 12

Memories of Dr. Pease...

Continued from page 1

this aspect of Jerry's interest in her.

But what especially stands out in my memory is the image of this young man reading with such enjoyment one McNeill poem after another. Jerry particularly liked the more personal and reflective poems in the *Mountain White* collection. Soon after his evening with her poetry, he asked Dr. Pease about one of what he called her "love poems." He told me that she just laughed and said, "Oh, Jerry, I was very young then." That is all she would say. Jerry, I am sure, was anxious to hear some provocative story about the poet and the subject to whom her poem was addressed.

The next year I finally had the opportunity to take one of Dr. Pease's classes. She and three other professors were team teaching a sophomore world literature course that met in Old Main Auditorium. Her section of the survey was devoted to English and American Romanticism; and during the few weeks that she taught, I too became intrigued with this professor, poet and yes, woman. Although it has been over thirty years since I took this course, I can clearly see her - tall, dignified, white haired - standing on the stage in front of approximately two hundred students. And I can still hear her wonderful resonant voice reading lines from Wordsworth, lamenting the time she went to Walden Pond and found tourists' trash strewn about, slowly repeating Coleridge's title *Biographia Literaria* not only so her audience would record it correctly in their notes, but also quite possibly because she liked so much the sounds of the words. She loved language, and her command of it was admirable.

In my junior year I enrolled in Dr. Pease's American literature survey, a required course for English majors. Each day she would walk into the room carrying a large red notebook. Her teaching style was primarily lecture, and as she found her notes for the day, opened the text to the assignment, and put on the glasses that she kept on a chain around her neck, the magic of her instruction - at least that is how I experienced it - began.

During that year my desire to teach intensified, for it became my ambition to have both the knowledge and the ability to motivate students that Dr. Pease possessed. One day after class, I was talking with her about an assignment, and she said something to me that I will never forget: "I know you want to teach in a high school, but do plan to go on to graduate school when you can. You just might end up becoming one of these English professors."

Knowing Dr. Pease was one of the greatest privileges of my undergraduate experience; and I value the contact I was able to maintain with her through occasional correspondence, Christmas card messages, and, perhaps more important, the poetry that she continued to write and publish until her death.

The last time I saw her was in 1990 when she returned to Concord College, where I was now teaching, for a poetry reading. Having not seen her for so many years, I was definitely taken aback when the frail woman leaning on her walker and depending on an attendant to carry her books entered the room. But as she began reading that afternoon, the voice, the mastery of language, the keen insights, the intellectual never attempting to disguise her West Virginia roots - all the qualities that made this woman so unique - were there before me again; and I delighted in her presence.

Now, as year after year passes since her death, I know that time cannot alter what Dr. Pease has meant to me, to Jerry, and all those who have known her. Memories and poetry will not permit it to.

(Editor's Note: Dr. John Baker is an English professor at Concord College who specializes in the literature of Appalachia. He is also the coordinator of the college's Annual Louise McNeill Pease Writers' Lecture and Workshop. This event will be held on April 3-4, 2001. On Tues., Apr. 3 at 7 p.m., Marc Harshman will be the featured speaker. On Wed., Apr. 4, there will be a workshop beginning at 2 p.m. Call 304-384-5207 for details. Mark your calendars and plan to attend.)

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Dominion Post Sept 8/1991

Poems echo mountain history

EDITOR'S NOTE — She's the poet laureate of West Virginia, an octogenarian voice of Appalachia. And though she's in poor health and living in a retirement home, Louise McNeill is still writing, indulging a lifelong passion.

By John Curran
The Associated Press

MALDEN — Appalachian poet Louise McNeill vowed as a teen-ager she would write poems forever. At 80, her verse still echoes of the mountains.

"I had a great joy and that's what I said to myself," she says. "It was a promise to myself."

A new anthology tribute to 60 years of her work, *Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems,* is aimed at those far beyond the mountains as well as those still among them. The University of Pittsburgh Press plans to release it in October.

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— Continued on 3-D —

Poems

— Continued from 1-D —

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History, Poetry Merge in Works Of State's Second Poet Laureate

MAY 13 1979

By Blake Hallanan

Had it not been for the "young, wild dream" of becoming a poet she had at the age of 16, Louise McNeill Pease, may instead have become a historian.

In a sense, she grew to be both — combining her vital concern of West Virginia's heritage and people with her poetic gift to produce creative works. She has gained national recognition during the past 52 years — ever since she had that dream and was "at that point as William Wordsworth said 'committed to the profession.'"

The state's "Hill-Daughter," an affectionate name she acquired through her poem of the same name about the birth of her only child, Douglas, was installed Saturday by Gov. Rockefeller as West Virginia's second poet laureate. Mrs. Pease, who writes under her maiden name Louise McNeill, succeeds Roy Lee Harman who served the post for 41 years.

SHE WROTE her first poem in the seventh grade when she attended a rural school in Pocahontas County, near the farm she grew up on which has been in her family since 1769.

"My teacher sent me out by the creek one day to write. The poem was about the leaves falling into the creek. I didn't write one again until I was 16. Later, I met a girl in school who told me her mother subscribed to a poetry magazine. I didn't know there was such a publication and she began to show them to me. I would use my father's old typewriter and send poems away to try to get published."

Her first book, "Mountain White," appeared in 1931 when she was 19 years

Louise McNeill Pease
Concerned With Heritage

old. Written by the light of an oil lamp next to a wood stove, it was published by Kaleidograph Press of Dallas, Texas, in a limited edition of 200 copies as a prize awarded by Stardust, a poetry magazine. Soon after that, she took a poetry course during her sopohmore year of college. She received a "D" grade.

UNDAUNTED, she began to study poetry on her own. "I studied a technique on rhyme and meter. I once knew all the patterns and do's and don'ts and proceeded to forget them as soon as I knew how to use them." She sold her first poem, "Song in the Saddle," for $15 to Forum Magazine in New York while she was in her early 20s.

Her most successful and productive period was from 1937 to 1961, when 24 of her poems were published in such national journals as American

released in 1939. ("Now when the flood of April/Snorts by the gullied plain/Pine logs are foaming stallions/Unbroken to the rein" — From "Log Drive," one of several poems on the lumber boom.)

The plates from "Gauley Mountain," Mrs. Pease said, were melted down for the war effort. "They asked me to buy them at the time for $50, but I didn't have the money so the book was out of print until 1972. I believe Jim Comstock, editor of Hillbilly, salvaged 'Gauley Mountain' from the realm of forgotten things."

The fictional characters from "Gauley Mountain," perhaps set the stage for her newest book "Elderberry Flood," to be published this fall by the Department of Culture and History. It was written duirng "six very strenuous winter months" in 1977-78 (the same time span and season when "Gauley Mountain" was written) and includes about 115 poems that trace the history of West Virginia.

The title — which describes the time when the bloom is white on elder shrubs and the flood will come to bring logs to the lumber mill — bears the same name she gave to a novel she wrote for 11 years which now rests in a trunk at her Lewisburg home.

UNLIKE "Gauley Mountain," her latest book is an accurate, researched history, and the facts have been checked by four history professors. "I've tried to write the history of West Virginia in verse form for 20 years but never had the time. I hope that when the eighth-grade students use it as a supplementary text, they will learn that their history is very colorful; that we have lived through bloody times and that they will be able to cope with the rough times just as their ancestors did before them."

The events in the book portray, in chronological order, the state's growth from the time of the coal forests and dinosaurs to the Indian mound-builders to the modern technology of the Green Bank Astronomy Center. The poems also touch on the folklore of West Virginia with reference to Chief Cornstalk's spirit haunting the Point Pleasant area, site of the Silver Bridge tragedy in 1967.

ODDLY ENOUGH, after having an award bestowed upon her for her literary achievements, Mrs. Pease says she is most proud of her achievements in teaching — which she did for 35 years in both rural schools and colleges and universities.

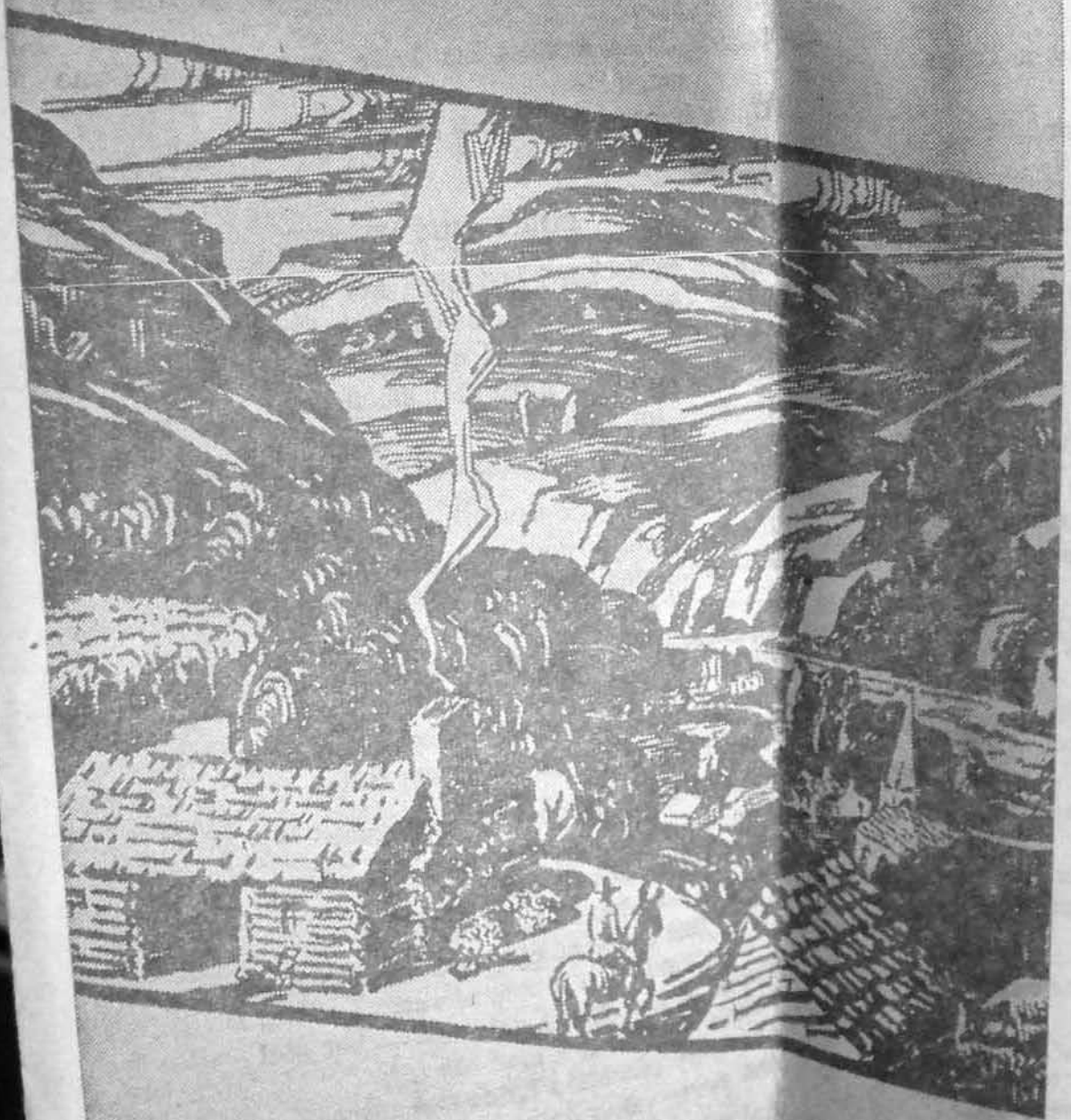
"Anybody can sit by a lamplight and write a poem. But to teach, you have to have endurance. You have to be a survivor."

Pauline Gelwicks
Dr. T. C. Giffin
James W. Goldsworthy
Sgt. Robert N. Good

Harland
Norman E. Rodgers
Harry O. Rogers

Howard L. Pelkey

GAULEY mountain



poems by LOUISE McNEILL

Turn the page for a rare poetic treat.

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ard L. Pelkey

Louise McNeill: A Poet's View

In her loosely strung verse-history of Gauley and its people, Miss McNeill has taken a part of the American scene that most of us know little about and made both its past and its present come alive. She has done so simply and tunably to the high, shrill notes of the mountain fiddle but she has done it at her best with the veracity of folk music. Here are mountain and ripsnorting river and the ripsnorting people who came to conquer them both, lived, bred, died, and left their seed—O'Kanes and MacElmains, Renicks and Verners, some rich, some poor, one bloodguilty—but all with desire in their breasts. And here is what happened to them and how some of them petered out and some of them didn't and what their sons' sons and daughters' daughters are like today.

"Stranger, there on the bison track:
Tyrone hussy and Shawnee chief,
English Scotch and Dutchman whack,
Circuit writer and timber thief,
Brady . . . Verner . . . O'Kane and Sage."

"You know them well. Are they still around?"

"Blood with blood in the Gauley's stream
And tongue with tongue in my speeches sound."

So speaks Miss McNeill herself—and rather better than anyone else can speak for her. But it may be permitted the writer of a foreword to mention certain other things. There is a sort of Ye Olde Colonial Tea Shoppe air to a good many self-styled "American poems"—there isn't a trace of it in Miss McNeill. She has come to her work by birthright, not through a self-

stinted the color—she also hasn't stinted the truth. There are darns here and there in her tapestry and some of the individual poems are better than others. But all the same there is a new poet in the land. By Stephen Vincent Benet

Louise McNeill: A Neighbor's View

"A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house," St. Matthew once said.

The same might be paraphrased to include Poetess Louise McNeill Pease, so far as her residence in Keyser is concerned. She lives quietly, seldom leaving the campus of Potomac State College during the day, and spending most of her late afternoon and evening hours in her room at the home of National Bank President and Mrs. Paul Davis on State Street bordering the campus. Seen on the streets of Keyser, she could easily be taken for a middle-aged matron, down town shopping for groceries or a new skirt. Her attractive almost-white hair and her pleasant smile belie some of the robust mountain characters she portrays in her poems.

"Who is this Louise McNeill Pease you're always talking about?" Our brother, George, whose (reading material goes) little beyond Sports Illustrated and the girlie magazines, asked us one day on one of his frequent visits. "I'll tell you who she is by reading some of her poetry," we replied.

"Oh, no! Not that," George answered. "I can't stand poetry."

Nevertheless, we got "Gauley Mountain" off the book shelf and read him a few poems—about the Moonshiner, Route 24, and some of the Renicks. "Now, that's the kind of poetry I like," was George's judgment. "Read me some more." There are people in

rence D. Fanti
Kimmell, Jr.
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ne D. March
L. Pelkey

speeches sound.

So speaks Miss McNeill herself—and rather better than anyone else can speak for her. But it may be permitted the writer of a foreword to mention certain other things. There is a sort of Ye Olde Colonial Tea Shoppe air to a good many self-styled "American poems"—there isn't a trace of it in Miss McNeill. She has come to her work by birthright, not through a self-conscious attempt to follow a fashion in Americana and the work shows it. Moreover, she can see clearly. There is taffy on the window-sill, resin on the bow—there is also Route Twenty-four with its Fords and Chevrolets, the line outside the relief office and the C. C. C. boys reforesting the hills. For Gauley's present is as much a part of America as the past—and Miss McNeill is unwilling to shirk either.

Yet, as in any book, it is the strong and strange figures that one remembers longest—the two hunters who lived in adjoining trees and disagreed on theology—proud Matthew Renick with his books of Latin and Greek, who fed his neighbors scornfully at his barn-raising but liked them none the better for their aid—Granny Saunders of the eerie story—Jeemes MacElmain whittling his gutta percha chain of seven hundred links in Libby Prison—the whole interwound strand of O'Kanes and Renicks and MacElmains through the years. They are West Virginians and this is a West Virginia book. But it is their sort of legend that has made the American idea.

I do not wish to overload a genuine piece of work with a pretentious introduction or to claim for Miss McNeill what she has not claimed for herself. There is nothing pretentious about "Gauley." Miss McNeill's rhythms and meters are simple, direct, and forceful. She sings as naturally as her people speak and there is both salt and melody in the tune. There is also, perhaps, a certain romantic touch here and there—some critics may not like it. But there is unfortunately, a certain amount of romance involved in the settling of a new country. Men do do extraordinary and colorful things. Miss McNeill hasn't

day on one of his frequent visits, "I'll tell you who she is by reading some of her poetry," we replied.

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Nevertheless, we got "Gauley Mountain" off the book shelf and read him a few poems—about the Moonshiner, Route 24, and some of the Renicks. "Now, that's the kind of poetry I like," was George's judgment. "Read me some more." There are people in Keyser *who are typical of George. They* possibly have seen Louise McNeill Pease on the streets and wondered who she was, never realizing they were looking at an outstanding poet whose poems have been published in most of the leading magazines of the country and whose book of verse is in its second printing. Strangely enough, Dr. Pease teaches history at Potomac State. Her Ph D in history was granted by West Virginia University two years ago. Her dissertation for her doctorate was on "The Great Kanawha In The Old South."

The schools and colleges she has attended read like a directory of education: Concord, Miami of Ohio, Ohio State, University of Iowa, the Bread Loaf School of English in Vermont, and, of course, the University.

On the Potomac State campus she is described as "a conscientious and popular teacher." As Dean Kirk McKee put it in introducing her to the Keyser Rotary Club a few weeks ago: "The students flock to her." And another of her superiors describes her as "a natural born teacher."

Something even her students don't know is that she worries unduly when any of them are making poor grades in her history classes, and broods over the failure of any one that is not able to grasp her illuminating lectures.

Dr. Pease's husband is a teacher, too, but in a far different field. He is with the Extension Program of the College of Agriculture of West Virginia University. They talk to each other regularly on the telephone and are with each other on weekends.

We are happy to join her many "fans" in urging Governor Wally Barron to name her Poet Laureate of West Virginia.

By John W. Barger

HILLBILLY

JACOB MARLIN AND STEPHEN SEWELL

(Hunters who lived in adjoining tree trunks and disagreed on theology.)

Their hollow trees stood bark to bark,
They built two fires to melt one dark
And to disperse one copper fear.
They notched two sticks to count one year.

The English Rubric was the bone
To chew together, gnaw alone.
Since Jake confirmed and Steve denied,
And both beliefs seemed justified
In scripture which they knew by rote
And did not hesitate to quote,

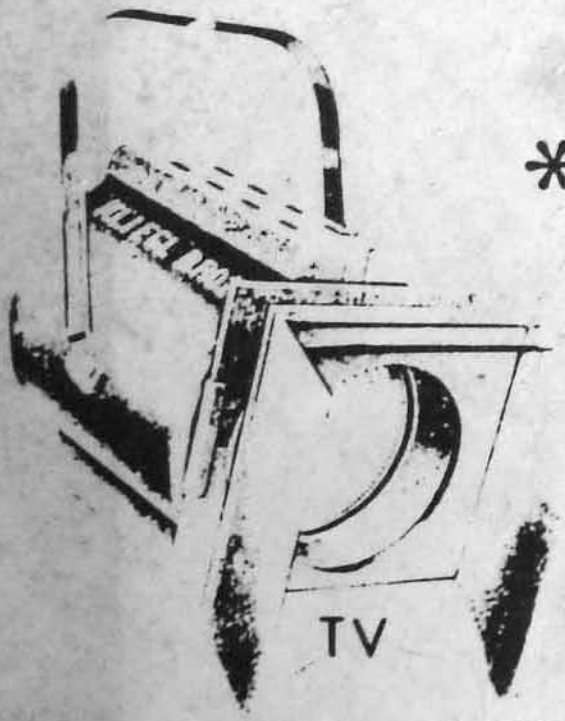
Each mountain dawn the hill-domed air
Carried two versions of one prayer:
"Guide poor blind Steve for Jesus' sake" —
"Send Wisdom, Lord, to lame-brained Jake."

BARN RAISING

(The neighbors came to build Matthew Renick's barn.)

"It is not my intention to neighbor
With the German and black Irish scum.
I have coins for the hiring of labor
But I did not request that

FROM A DARK MOUNTAIN



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Lyrics from the

production of

LOUISE McNEILL'S

premiere reading

MHC Publications * * * * *

'76
The Charleston Gazette
Box G-22,
Teaneck, N.J. 07666

1776: A Climactic Year Comes to Life in Book

A large and lavishly illustrated history of America in 1776 will go on sale shortly to readers of the Gazette.

This book, written by Sid Moody and produced by The Associated Press, is is titled " '76" The World Turned Upside Down."

" '76" is a 300-page volume containing about 250 rare illustrations and maps. The text traces developments in a month-by-month account of the struggle for American independence and its immediate aftermath.

" '76," nearly two years in the making, is being offered to the Gazette's readers for $7.95, which includes a large, full color wall map of colonial America. The entire package provides an outstanding memento of this 200th anniversary of our nation.

In addition to offering the sale of the book by mail, readers will be able to purchase the volume at the front counter of Charleston Newspapers. Purchasers preferring to obtain the book by U.S. mail should fill out the coupon accompanying this story and mail it, along with a check made out to The Associated Press, to '76, The Charleston Gazette, Box G-22, Teaneck, N.J. 07666. Delivery is expected in from four to six weeks and in plenty of time for Christmas gift giving. An announcement will be made in the Gazette when copies are available for sale at Charleston Newspapers.

* * *

THE BOOK draws on a wide variety of sources to present a deep background of some of the well-known occurrences of that decisive year—as well as many little known aspects and personages in the fight for freedom.

The are chapters on Thomas Paine and his crucial pamphlet, "Common Sense;" the road to July 4 in Philadelphia and the Declaration itself; and the disastrous military campaign that followed, climaxed by George Washington's brilliant victory at Trenton.

(Please Turn to Page 2A, Col. 1)

Enclosed is $..... Please send me ..... copies of '76 at $7.95 each. My check is made payable to "The Associated Press."

Name.....

Address.....

City .....State .....Zip .....

1776: A Climactic Year Comes to Life in Book

From Page One

The bumbling early days of the American Army and Navy are described at length as are the siege of Boston, Washington's defeats on Long Island and New York—and his gradual realization of the secret that would win the war.

There is also a selection of photo essays depicting the life and times of the Founding Fathers and their families, including a chapter on the role of women in colonial times.

"My idea throughout," said author Moody, "was to tell the full story, of course, but in a way that makes the founders and their times understandable to the modern reader, to make them human beings instead of demigods. History, ultimately, is people, not dates and manifestoes. Too often this is lost sight of.

"1776 was a climactic year, but it was most unusual in that it had a beginning, middle and end."

PAINE published "Common Sense" in January, calling for independence at a time when the word was all but unmentionable. The book follows the growth of this idea through seven tumultuous months to a culmination on July 4 when Jefferson's Declaration was ratified, independence actually having been voted July 2.

"Normally, the rest of the year would have been an anticlimax," Moody said, but the balance of 1776 became a military struggle by Washington and his dwindling army to prove that independence could become more than a piece of parchment. At the very end of the year Washington proved that, just maybe, it could. It's an oft-told story, but too often the details and unusual personalities are left out. I tried to put the history of that year into its pants one leg at a time."

MHC Publications

POET LAUREATE STILL GOING STRONG AT 80

John Curran

MALDEN (AP) — Appalachian poet Louise McNeill swore as a teen-ager she would write poems forever. At 80, her verse still echoes of the mountains.

"I had a great joy and that's what I said to myself. It was a promise to myself," McNeill said.

A new anthology tribute to 60 years of her work, "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," is aimed at those far beyond the mountains and at those still among them. The University of Pittsburgh Press plans to release it in October.

"This volume brings back into print poems which have been unavailable for more than 20 years," poet Maggie Anderson wrote in the introduction. "For those of us from the Appalachian Mountains, this is cause for celebration."

McNeill's poems are rich in mountain imagery and country dialects. They center on her childhood on a farm, motherhood, the industrialization of the mountains, the environment and fear of the atomic age.

"She's documented the history of these people better than anyone," said Anderson, an English professor at Ohio's Kent State University. "The rhythm and the music of her poetry are better than that of anyone in the country."

McNeill grew up on a farm her family has owned for nine generations. She was educated at Concord College, Miami of Ohio and West Virginia University.

She published "Mountain White," a small book of lyric poems, in 1931 when she was 20. Seven years later, she won an Atlantic Monthly Poetry Prize and, a year later, published a full-length collection of poetry called "Gauley Mountain."

After 1942's "Time Is Our House," McNeill didn't publish a book again for 30 years, instead writing fiction and other work for magazines while she raised her son and taught English and history at Potomac State, Fairmont State and Concord colleges.

She was named West Virginia's poet laureate by then-Gov. Jay Rockefeller in 1979. The Legislature recently increased her state salary from $900 a year to $2,000 a year.

In addition, McNeill recently was named recipient of the 1991 West Virginia Humanities Award for her work.

Many consider her a state treasure.

"I think she is West Virginia's outstanding literary light in these times," said Ken Sullivan, editor of Goldenseal, a quarterly state folk and art magazine.

"We produce some excellent writers and we produce people of her stature. Unfortunately, we haven't always been able to keep them here," Sullivan said.

In "The Company," McNeill writes a four-stanza dig on coal operators who, in earlier days, often owned the houses, company store, schoolhouse and bar.

AP photo

Louise McNeill is the subject of a retrospective of her 60 years of poetry. "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," due out in October from Pittsburgh Press, showcases her work.

"They owned the mountain and the mine; The river and its fork; They summered in the Byzantine; And wintered in New York," she wrote.

"Nora O'Kane" tells the story of a woman from "white trash" that stole for fun and for food. The woman marries old Zeb Sage, despite his family's assertion she is a "brazen hussy."

"Her brown feet jigged to the hymns they quavered; Her hot blood swept through their torpid veins; She signed her X in the family Bible; And filled their cradles with dark O'Kanes," she wrote.

"She's a traditional folk voice, but at the same time, she's a voice of high literary quality and integrity. That's unusual. Usually, you get one or the other," said Larry Groce, a folk musician who fashioned a two-hour radio show from "Gauley Mountain" in June.

The program, McNeill's poetic history of West Virginia, will be re-broadcast Oct. 25 on West Virginia Public Radio.

The harvesting of West Virginia's coal, natural gas and timber bounty, and the spoiling of the landscape, is a recurring theme for McNeill.

Early in the "Ballad of New River," McNeill describes a pristine stream that nourishes swans, bison and Cherokee braves. But it's a different river after the post-Civil War boom.

"Sulphur water and tannery ooze, And the black,

Tour
Hinton student to visit Europe with band
— Page 5

Photos basis of book — page 2

Greenhouse a lesson — page 3

The Register-Herald
Serving Greenbrier, Monroe, Nicholas, Pocahontas and Summers counties
Beckley, W. Va.
Volume 1, Number 2
Thursday, March 23, 1989

Report

Pat Hanna
Regional Editor

Lilly will be missed

We're taught in journalism school to be objective, to separate our feelings and emotions from the skills we use in covering an event, be it news, sports, etc.

That's fine in theory but sometimes hard in practice. Still, we owe it to our readers to be fair and impartial.

But I doubt if too many readers would mind if we said we were happy for Jim Lilly, who went out a winner last Saturday night when he coached his Oak Hill Red Devils to a 56-49 victory over Brooke in the state Class AAA championship game.

I did not attend this year's state high school basketball tournament. My new position as regional [illegible] The Register-Herald has as a sports [illegible]. So perhaps [illegible] quite as objec-

I loved every storybook finish to [illegible]ding career.

[illegible]ot too many finer [illegible] many finer teach[illegible]any finer men than [illegible]. Just ask the people of [illegible]—of Southern West Virginia, for that matter. A Jim Lilly doesn't come along very of[illegible].

He looked at his players as [illegible]nily; many of those players looked at Lilly as a father figure, a coach who stressed the team concept but still recognized that players had individual needs.

I had known his brother, Jesse, the former Glenville State College coach, before coming to Beckley. Jesse was always cooperative, cordial, in short, one of those coaches to whom you always enjoyed talking.

From the first time I met Jim Lilly, he was the same way.

He would invite you to come and watch practice. He was always accessible, win or lose, a fact that doesn't apply to all coaches.

He ended his career as the third-winningest coach in state high school basketball history. But Jim Lilly represented more than just winning games. He stood for integrity, for doing things the right way. As a result, the countless young men who [illegible] under him are better off today.

Despite his accomplishments, including two state championships, he never sought the spotlight. In fact, every time it was mentioned that he was climbing the ladder of state high school basketball history, he seemed a bit embarrassed.

I think people are getting tired of reading about me," he said toward the end of the 1988-89 season.

But like it or not, Jim Lilly became one of the legends of the game in West Virginia. High school basketball in this state is better off because of him.

The game will miss him.

But we also wish him the best in his retirement. Here's to happy travels in his new motor home. We hope he lands that big one in the Greenbrier River, just like he did last Saturday night in Charleston.

■ ■ ■

As stated in last week's column, we are developing a network of correspondents to bring news to your communities.

Here are the names and tel[illegible]

Lanty McNeel of Sinking Springs Farm spends part of his day completing paper work.

Lanty McNeel of Sinking Springs Farm and neighbor Martin MacQueen load a feeder to begin another day's work.

Down on the farm ... history

Farmers are survivors.

Lanty F. McNeel of Sinking Springs Farm and James W. McNeill of Seneca Farms, both in Pocahontas County, challenge weather, physical labor and economics while operating the family farm.

Each day continues the legacy begun by their forefathers over 200 years ago.

Pioneer John McNeel patented 400 acres, near what is now Hillsboro, in 1765. Pioneer Thomas McNeill tomahawked 300 acres on Buckeye Hill in 1768. Indians and wars did not stop these farmers. Today their families farm the same land.

Over the last 12 months, the Department of Agriculture has honored farms remaining in the same family since at least the signing of the United States Constitution. Hundreds of farms have been selected —with 30 in West Virginia and 11 in Pocahontas County.

Certificates and signs identifying such farms as "National Bicentennial Farms," are being given to each family. The red, white and blue signs are expected to be mounted in front of the farm homes.

On a St. Patrick's Day visit, they laughingly called themselves the Hillsboro McNeels/Democrats/Presbyterians and the Buckeye McNeills/Republicans/Methodists.

At Sinking Springs Farm, the oldest farm in the county, Lanty McNeel was settling down 58 cattle received at 4 a.m. into a barn built by pioneer Thomas McNeel. McNeel herds 313 cattle and 250 sheep with supporting feeder crops on 1,313 acres. McNeel, wife Janet and family members in-

The old Sam McNeel house on Sinking Springs Farm was built in the 1860s.

corporated the acreage in 1975.

Of his heritage, McNeel said, "The fact is the older I get the prouder I am of the association our ancestors have had with the land. To work so closely with the land you begin to care about it. I'm proud of the manner with which we farm, by using the proper fertilizer, pride in your work."

McNeel feels he should be smart enough to stay ahead but says, "I just take more money all the time."

Problems now include better job at stopping all the spillage such as a buck's pe[illegible] a floor on cattle prices and beating the brush back to increase grazing land.

Driving up Buckeye Hill, one wondered if John L. McNeel II, now serving in the armed forces, would be the eighth generation to carry on the family tradition.

It was easy to feel the pride and contentment in James W. and Anneliese McNeill with their 217-acre Seneca Farms. Jim said he began farming at age 8 and the farm was named for two sheep raised by him and his sister.

Taking over the farm in 1958, he is the first full-time McNeill farmer in 168 years.

Raising beef cattle and sheep, McNeill says, "You can make a living at it." Mrs. McNeill has at times worked outside the farm. She says, "You have to for certain things like money for the children's education."

U.S. Navy Capt. George Douglas McNeill — teacher, lawyer, historian — built a house on the farm in 1865. During his global Navy tour, the McNeill women played a major role in the farm's history.

"The farm was saved by my mother, Grace, and grandmother, Granny Fanny," McNeill explained. "They did whatever had to be done."

The McNeills would like to see the farm handed down to son Blix McNeill and daughter Cheryl McCallister.

Farms and farmers are survivors.

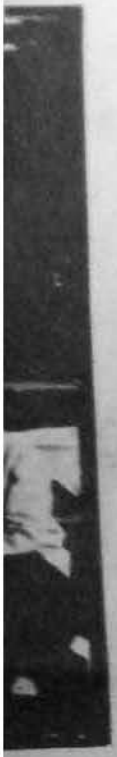
West Virginia poet laureate Louise McPease, McNeill's sister, states, "People don't build the land, the land holds the people."

The other farms honored in Pocahontas County were: pioneer William Sharp Sr., 1788 (Mighty Oak Farm, Jewel Sharp, Slippery Hill Farm, Richard Johnson; the Pearl Barlow Smith Farm; pioneer Richard Hill, Cutlip Farm, Alma Cutlip McNeel; pioneers Felix and Catherine Grimes, 1778, Grimes' Settlement, Raymond Grimes and family; pioneer Joshua Buckley, Buckley Homestead, Ralph Buckley; pioneer James Callison Sr., 1787, (Trump Run Farm, Carolyn Callison Randolph; Sun Valley Farm, Hubert Callison); pioneer Moses Moore Farm, Genevieve Moore.

Story & photos by Bill Atteberry

ns Times.

INIA 24954, NOVEMBER 16, 1967 Number 20



1, 29; John
ach, Loren
42; Wayne
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Golden Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Dunbrack, of Marlinton, were honored on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, by their children and grandchildren with an observation of open house at their home on 908 Second Avenue, during the hours of two o'clock to seven o'clock p. m., on Sunday, November 5th.

Guests were greeted at the door by Charles Shanklin, of Huntington, who directed them to the registry table which was covered with a white linen cloth and a small arrangement of yellow sweetheart roses. A granddaughter, Mrs. Marvena Ann Meeks, was in charge of the gold guest book. Granddaughters, Twila Gwin and Mrs. Cheryl McCallister were in charge of the coats, assisted by little Miss Malisa and Jona Nuckoles.

Guests were received in the living room by Mr. and Mrs. Dunbrack. Mrs. Dunbrack wore a seafoam brocade dress and yellow rosebud corsage.

Mrs. Leona Hannah, of Marlinton, a long time friend of the couple, cut and served the three tiered cake, and Mrs. Betty Pennybacker, of Nitro, and Mrs. Sylvia Hewlett, of Morgantown, took turns presiding at the punch bowl.

The house was beautifully decorated throughout with yellow flower arrangements, gold bells and tall lighted tapered gold candles.

One hundred thirty-five friends and relatives registered for this occasion and several cards, wires and phone calls were received from people unable to attend, one of those being Forrest Pritchard, of Durbin, who tailored the suit for Mr. Dunbrack's wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunbrack were married at Lewisburg by the Rev. Sylvin Cottrell, attended by Mr. Dunbrack's

Oren (Gladys) Waugh, Mrs. Harry (Geraldine) Nuckoles, all of Marlinton, and Mrs. James (Annabelle) McNeill, of Buckeye. Grandchildren present were: Twila Gwin, Billy and Marvin Perry, Mrs. Marvena Meeks, Mrs. Cheryl McCallister, Blix McNeill, Malisa, Jona and Brett Nuckoles. Two grandchildren, Mrs. Teenie Dare Gibson, of Louisville, Mississippi and Norval Waugh, of Manassas, Virginia, unable to attend, talked to their grandparents by phone.

Aides were Mrs. Lucille Johnson, of Marlinton, Miss Madeline McNeill, of Buckeye, and Mrs. Clara Shanklin, of Huntington.

Out of town guests registering were:

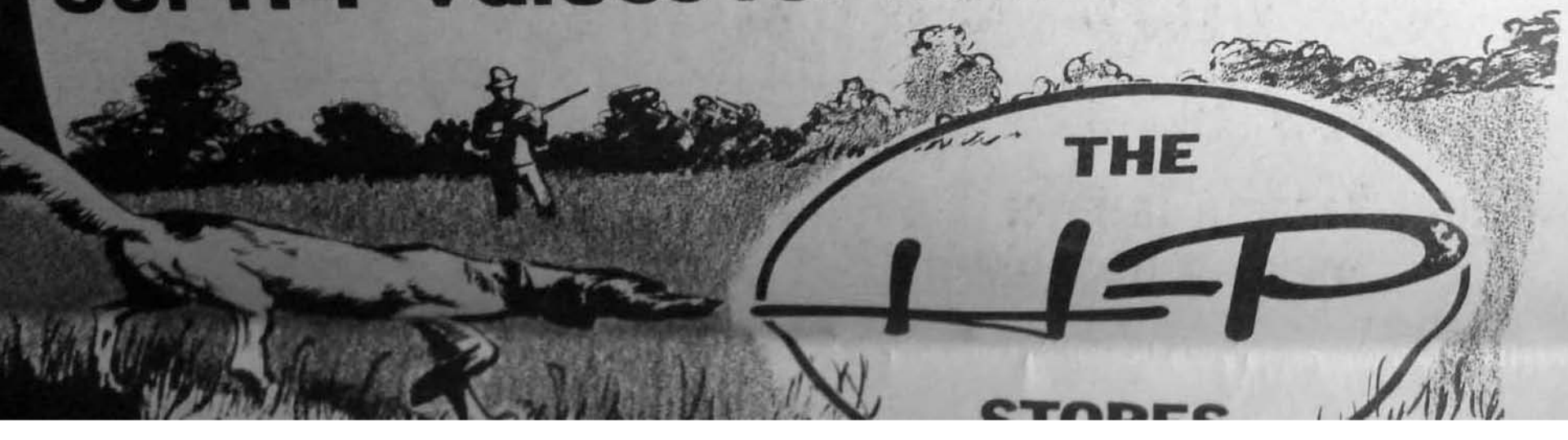
Mr. and Mrs. Oris Jackson [illegible], Mr.

Cornelia B. Clark and Paschall Dunbrack, Covington, Virginia, Mrs. Clara Bush Shanklin and Charles, Huntington, Miss Twila Gwin, Oceana, Mr. and Mrs. George Vint, Valley Head, Ward McNeill, Columbus, Ohio, Fitzhugh Perry, Mark and Kathy, Alexandria, Virginia, Mrs. Eva Gwin, Hyattsville, Maryland, F. L. Greer, Richwood, Mrs. Gertrude Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Perry, Rev. and Mrs. Ezra Bennett, Mrs. Esther Luall, all of Renick, Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Loudermilk and family, Ira Loudermilk, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Loudermilk, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Loudermilk, Misses Barbara and Martha Loudermilk, all of Frankford, Mrs. Florence Whittington, Mrs. Vivian Allinder, Mrs. Audrey Parsons, Mrs. Macil Ividen, all

sister, Mrs. Vollie Daniels, of Marlinton, a cousin of the bride, Mrs. Hallie Loudermilk, and uncle of the bride, Everette Neal, both of Frankford. They are the parents of five daughters, eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Those children attending were: Mrs. David (Blanche) Gwin, Oceana, Mrs. Ralph (Thelma) Perry, Mrs.

and Pam, Charlottesville, Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Nottingham, South Amherst, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. James Hewlett, and Blix McNeill, Morgantown, Mr. and Mrs. Larry McCallister, Grantsville, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Herbert, and son, John, and Mrs. Mabel Herbert, Carlisle, Pennsylvania Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pennybacker, Nitro, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stafford, Philippi, Mrs.

of Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Gale Blackhart, of Painesville, Ohio, spent a few days in Durbin, on a return trip from Washington, D. C., and Charlottesville, Virginia, where they had visited Mr. Blackhart's sisters, Miss Marion Blackhart, and Mrs. O. M. Wood.

May we point out some of our H-P values for hunters?